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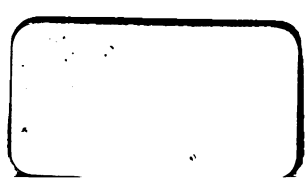

MATERNAL LOVE.

A NOVEL,

BY

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"FIRST LOVE," "THE LIGHT OF MENTAL SCIENCE," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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MATERNAL LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

Two young creatures, both beautiful, both in deep mourning, were locked in each other's arms, in uncontrollable grief.

They were seated on a sofa, in a room, the blinds of which were all down.

Several elder persons, apparently attendants, with bonnets on and small parcels in their hands, stood at respectful distances; while carriage wheels were heard, grinding slowly round and round, on the gravel below the windows.

The two eldest and most important looking of the female attendants, approached the sofa from time to time, took a hand of their respective young ladies, and attempted to draw them asunder; each saying to the mourner who seemed to be her special charge:

"The carriage is waiting, Miss!"

But the admonition was vain. The youthful friends resisted in silence; hid their faces the closer in each others' bosoms; and wept the more convulsively! And it was but natural that they should do so; for both had lost all that was dear to them on earth.

Both were orphans; yet they were not sisters: but heiresses; and this it was which rendered them too important to be permitted to console each other.

An adjoining room was filled with guardians, trustees, and lawyers, busied with parchments, wills, &c.

The funeral of Lady Sophia Moreland had taken place that morning. General

Moreland had died a short time previously.

Louisa Moreland, the eldest of the youthful mourners, was their only child. She was about seventeen. Mary Cavendish, the younger of the friends, was about fifteen. She had been the ward of the late General Moreland, and an orphan from her cradle. Lady Sophia had taken charge of her, and brought her up with the same tender care as her own little girl.

Lady Sophia was both amiable and sensible: and having remarked that elder children are rendered selfish and tyrannical by the practice of granting them all sorts of privileges, such as helping them first, giving them their choice, &c., on the plea of their being the eldest; thus habituating them, as she said, to take advantage of the helplessness and ignorance of others. Her Ladyship had followed the contrary plan: causing her own child, as the elder, to give way in all such matters to her little companion: and that in ac-

knowledged consideration of the comparative helplessness and ignorance of the younger child. This idea of Lady Sophia's, by establishing the relation of protector, and protected, between the children, had led to so many little kindnesses, that a friendship of the tenderest character had grown up between them.

But the General and Lady Sophia being now both dead, Louisa Moreland was to be removed to the house of a maiden aunt, her nearest relative; and Mary Cavendish to that of her second guardian, Lord Wolderland.

CHAPTER II.

"Do you choose luncheon?" said Mrs. Sarah Moreland to her niece, in a gruff tone, a few moments after her arrival at Moreland Lodge.

"No, thank you," replied Louisa, in the sweetest of accents.

Mrs. Moreland put her hands to her ears, declaring that her niece's voice had gone through her head, adding—

" Speaking distinctly is what is necessary, not speaking loud—I am not deaf."

Now the good lady was very deaf; and as she thought fit to resent it thus, whenever people spoke loud enough to make her hear, conversation with her was impossible. It was altogether no very cheering prospect for louisa; for Mrs. Sarah Moreland, though a well-meaning, upright, alms-giving woman, had a harsh temper, and forbidding manners. She had been brought up with the greatest strictness; would not have shrunk from martyrdom, in support of her principles; was honest in her money dealings, spoke the truth, gave alms to the poor, had good intentions in the main towards her friends—and kept her own, and the house linen in good repair.

She was also capable, on great occasions, of noble sacrifices, to render an essential service to a friend; but she had no notion that it was unjust, and therefore dishonest,

to *rob* people daily by ungracious manners of small portions of their innocent enjoyment—their cheerfulness, in short, of the sunshine of their existence!

CHAPTER III.

In the splendid drawing-room of Wolderland Castle, sat the lady of the mansion, listening anxiously to the loud voice of her lord, which proceeded from an adjoining room. Her countenance very plainly showed that the luxuries which surrounded her had not sufficed to make her happy.

Once or twice she started, half rose, then sat down again irresolutely, forgetful that a silent witness of her agitation was present.

At length the sounds ceased, the door flew open, and a very handsome lad, of apparently about nineteen or twenty, entered the room with a hasty step, and was the next moment clasped in the arms of his mother.

"What a reception for you, dear Adolphus!" she said.

"I am accustomed to it, ma'am," he replied, with a good-natured smile; "and your kindness, makes up for it all!" he added, embracing her again.

"What has been the matter my dear?" she asked.

"Nothing particular. My father thinks my college bills too large; that's all. He had posted a servant in the hall, to require my attendance on him the moment I arrived. So, instead of flying to you on jumping out of the carriage, impatient to do so, I was obliged to go to the library: where I was greeted as I entered, by having a great book flung at my head! But,

luckily for me, his Lordship is not a good marksman."

Lady Wolderland glanced towards the door with a face of terror; saying:

"I hope he will not follow you here!"

As Adolphus turned also, he met the young, gentle eyes, of one who was standing apart, unnoticed, gazing at him with an expression of pity not unmixed with childish fear, of the angry voice.

He coloured as he thought of the exposure which had taken place before a stranger; and made no further reply.

Lady Wolderland's attention being thus recalled to her young guest, she took Mary Cavendish by the hand, and with many apologies for having been so much absorbed by her son's return from College, as to have been guilty of unpardonable negligence, presented her to Adolphus, as his father's ward, Miss Cavendish, arrived but that moment.

"And ring for luncheon, my love,"

added her Ladyship, "after which, you must show our little friend the conservatory, and the flower garden, and try to amuse her. We have given her a sad reception, poor dear!"

CHAPTER IV.

In the wild and picturesque Island of Arran, whither Mrs. Sarah Moreland, some months after her niece's arrival under her roof, had repaired for the bathing season, Louisa was wandering, as was her custom, quite alone among the wooded rocks and steep paths which led up the side of the hill behind her aunt's cottage. She was not, however, afraid of losing herself in this tangled wilderness, for she could al-

ways find her way home by looking out for the blue ocean, and taking almost any descending path.

The unsocial temper of her aunt threw her on these rambles, solitary reading, and a girlish correspondence with Mary Cavendish, for all her sources of comfort. So that her grief for her mother seemed to be increasing, and likely to increase from want of sympathy; for Mrs. Sarah only scolded her whenever she found her weeping.

On the present occasion, Louisa was clambering, as usual, up the face of the hill, among the wild honey-suckles and wild roses that grow from every crevice of the rocks. A particularly tempting wreath of these combined sweets, hung out over a steep ravine, caused by a waterfall, which was made visible between the sides of the dark rocks, by its white foam only. She placed one foot on a projecting fragment of moss grown stone, and began to gather the flowers. The fragment gave

way. She caught at a small mountain ash. Her other foot slid from the bank with the effort, and she hung by the slight branch she had been able to grasp. It opened from the main stalk at the fork, and was rapidly descending towards the point at which it must separate. She heard a crashing sound, but instead of finding herself rushing through space, as she expected, she felt a strong arm encircle her waist, and heard a voice say:

Do not be alarmed, Miss Moreland!"

With great difficulty, her preserver bore her to safe footing. When able to look round, she recognised a gentleman, whom she remembered at her mother's. He was staying at the Duke of Hamilton's, he said, with a shooting party; but he did not mention that he had accepted the Duke's invitation, on purpose to follow her. When they had descended the hill, and stood gazing upward between the two cliffs, at the stupendous height at which the stem of the mountain ash was still visible,

though now it appeared but the size of a sprig of myrtle, he pointed out to her the point, on the brow of the opposite cliff, on which he had been standing, and had seen the stone give way beneath her foot, and leaped the ravine, just in time to catch her as she was falling.

CHAPTER V.

THEODORE WENTWORTH very soon became a frequent visitor and a great favourite of Mrs. Moreland's, who declared that she could hear what he said without his speaking loud. Not that she heard much, poor old lady. She would sit at her work, making a sort of snoring noise, of which she was unconscious, for hours together, without looking up or speaking, while the

young people conversed as much at their ease, as if they had been quite alone.

Theodore made no attempt to conceal the excess of his admiration, while Louisa's lonely heart was willing to be won. As their intimacy increased, Theodore often spoke of his childhood, and of how harshly he had always been treated. And Louisa listened till her compassion was becoming something very like that of Desdemona.

One fine evening they had climbed to the top of the rocky and shrub-grown hill behind her aunt's house. They were seated on a bank of moss, loooking down from a great height on the sea.

"I have often wondered," he said, "why no one loved me when I was a child."

Louisa wondered, in her own mind, why every one had not loved him, but she only said:

"Did your mother not love you?"

"She not only did not love me, but I do believe she disliked me! And the very

servants seemed to think me of no sort of importance, compared with my elder brother. I learnt, afterwards, this was because I had less chance of becoming, by possibility one day or other, Lord Wolderland, that is, supposing, what is very unlikely, that the present man's son should not marry and have children. My mother, poor woman, valued my brother so excessively for his remote chance of a coronet, (for we are but very distant cousins) that she had no regard to spare for me. The chance, such as it is," he added, " is now mine, for my poor brother is dead.—How he did tyrannize over me!—Then, when I went to school, and found myself the fag of one of the big boys, (who, by the bye, treated me shamefully) I was in such utter despair, that I was near drowning myself! I thought I was never to escape from tyranny."

" Why do masters allow so shocking a system as fagging ?" she asked.

"Oh, for that, matter," he replied, "when

I came to have a fag myself, it must be confessed I made the poor little wretch pay for all I had suffered, on first entering."

Louisa felt a sensation of terror which might have warned her of her future fate:

"Is it possible!" she exclaimed.

"Example—Lads do as they see others lads do.—The feeling of the school was in favor of tyranny over the lesser boys. It was thought manly, and I was as bad as any of them, I dare say."

"On the contrary, you must have been naturally very good, not to have been quite spoiled by such a system."

"Perhaps I am quite spoiled," he replied, "I often think there must be some grounds for that painful want of self-respect which, produced possibly by the impressions of childhood, has followed me through life. Ever since I have been a man, I have had strange misgivings, as if I had not the same fair chance of being loved and liked, as other people. In short I hate to think of my childhood—it puts me out of hu-

mour—I was such a miserable dog, and I feel so degraded when I recollect how I used to sneak away to cry in a corner, with my heart ready to burst!"

"Poor child!" exclaimed Louisa, looking suddenly up, with eyes swimming in tears.

He caught her hand, gazed anxiously in her face, and said:

"Do you think, Louisa, you could love me?"

Before they parted, she had promised to love him, as long as she lived.

Poor Louisa! she, at least, kept her promise. And that was an evening of happy anticipation for both, as they sat, looking down on the broad expanse before them, with vessels passing in the distance over floods of liquid gold! And then, at the setting sun, with all his brilliant court around him. And then at the rising moon, and the path of silvery rays reaching from the horizon, to the top of the shrubs at their feet; which, though so far above the level of the ocean, from their position,

seemed a shore to them. And then the little boats that crossed the bright way. And next the stars, for they began to twinkle, and, at last, the candles too, in Mrs. Moreland's windows, ere the lovers remembered it was time to descend the hill.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER tea, the old lady was seated in the drawing-room, snoring over her work, as usual.

Louisa, on pretext of seeking hers, disappeared; upon which, Theodore immediately placed his chair opposite to Mrs. Sarah, bent forward, and said,

"You have doubtless perceived, my dear madam, that I have been paying my

addresses to Miss Moreland: I trust, with your approbation?"

The old lady stared, for a second. Then, satisfied that she had caught his meaning, replied:

"No sir—it is not at all with my approbation, that Miss Moreland distresses herself, as she does; or rather used to do—for she is more cheerful lately—about her mother's death you mean. However it is very kind of you to interest yourself in the matter; and I shall scold her, as I have often done before.

The lover saw that he must use none but the plainest terms.

"You are quite mistaken, my dear madam," he replied, raising his voice, and taking the old lady's hand, in his eagerness to be understood. "I have asked your niece, to become my wife: may I hope you will give your consent!"

Mrs. Sarah Moreland drew herself up with great dignity; and repeated, as she thought, his words:

"You asked me to become your wife! and you hope I will consent! What sir? You don't suppose, that, at my time of life, I am going to make a simpleton of myself, by marrying a young man like you, that might be my son! Go along, you foolish fellow!" she added, half smiling as she turned her head away, and bridled a little. "I thought it was my niece, that you were in love with, all this time; or your visits here, should not have been received."

"My dear madam," he recommenced, still retaining the hand, she was endeavouring to withdraw. But she did not permit him to proceed.

"You don't suppose," she continued, "that I have been waiting, ever since I was a young woman, for you sir; as if there were no young men in my day! It was not for want of offers sir—before you were born, that I have thought fit to remain single."

Theodore was finally compelled to write his proposals. Upon which Mrs. Sarah

accepted him as cheerfully for her niece; as she had rejected him disdainfully, for herself; declaring that the sole cause of the misunderstanding, was his having spoken too loud! An error he carefully avoided, when recounting his success to Louisa, in the honey-suckle bower, which constituted the porch of the cottage; and into which, the moon—they had seen rise—now riding high, shone brightly! its silvery light, causing her chiselled features to assume the fairness of parian marble; yet shining on glistening eyes, uplifted in permitted tenderness, that gave the statue life!

She looked so beautiful—and:

"Parting was such sweet sorrow,
He could have said good night 'till 'twere morrow.

Before Louisa retired to rest, she wrote to her friend Mary Cavendish, a detailed account of this eventful day; finishing thus:

"Poor Theodore! What joy it will be

to crowd into his future days, all the arrears of tenderness and of happiness of which his infancy and his childhood have been wronged!

"Congratulate me, dear Mary! for this delightful task will be mine!"

CHAPTER VII.

BRIGHT are those early days, as the bride and the bridegroom sit side by side, borne along by the waters of the majestic Rhine; the smooth, scarcely perceptible movement of the vessel, constantly shifting the scene; while each moment, new combinations of nature's wildest and loveliest features, draw near, present themselves, and glide past, as by enchantment.

The wide extended plane, with its scat-

tered villages, lies for a moment spread out, like a map, before them; then makes way for the smiling valley, with its peaceful hamlets and its dark pine forests. Now the vine clad hill appears, its picturesque cottages climbing its sides; it advances, shuts out the valley, then passes in its turn. Now the frowning mountain, crowned by its threatening towers, darkens the scene, as it silently yet rapidly draws nigh; presenting to the view castle after castle, the wrecks of feudal times; built on scarcely accessible steeps; and mouldering in all the various stages of decay. And now the rugged cliffs, severed from the shore, and standing out alone, almost midway in the river, seems drifting along like some dismantled ship, blackened by the thunderbolt. And now the fresh green island, following in its wake, glides past, freighted to the water's edge with the drooping verdure of the willow. And now gaping caverns draw near, as if greedy to receive into their dark throats,

flood, vessel, passengers and all. The river, now flowing broad and majestic, now winding along its narrow channel, amid rugged steeps; and now spreading again, till it assumes the semblance of a lake.

'Tis drawing towards the close of one of those delightful days, within that magic span, the honeymoon. The light of love is still beaming in the bridegroom's eyes. The gentle bride scarcely yet can brook the ardour of his gaze. From time to time her eyelids tremble, and the silken lashes fall upon her cheek, while his tender whispers thrill her heart with joy.

Theodore had made himself most agreeable; pointing out the objects worthy of special notice, and recounting the legend of each ruin they had passed; mingling all with snatches of song or scraps of poetry, addressed with fond playfulness to his bride; and conveying some gentle sentiment, that might have seemed trifling in prose, but

which found its apology in the grace of the verse! Some lovers' conversation followed, respecting the partial opinions of those who love. Louisa made a casual remark—she could never remember exactly what—but it seemed to touch some hidden chord of painful association; for Theodore said, with an altered manner:

"Once I see that a person thinks I have a fault, I take no more pleasure in their society! The uncomfortable habit of thinking ill of myself, because others chose to treat me ill, I suppose it is, which has made me so restlessly jealous on those points! You must never begin to think I have faults, Louisa, and love me less!"

"There is not much danger of my ever fancying that you have faults, Theodore. Love is more apt to fancy perfections than faults."

"Fancy!" he repeated, "could I imagine it possible that you might yet believe, you had only *fancied* perfections in me, and learn to think me unworthy of your love.

I—I don't know what I should not do—fly, perhaps, to the farthest end of the world; and never be heard of more!"

There was a pause. Louisa looked frightened, and that did not tend to reassure him.

"In my happiest moments," he recommenced, "my heart misgives me. Is it conscious unworthiness—yet why should I be unworthy? Is it not rather," and as he proceeded, he muttered the latter part, through half-closed teeth, more to himself than to his companion, "the *curse* of my mother's unkindness, which is destined, perhaps, to pursue me to my grave?"

Louisa gazed up in his face, as he spoke, in painful amazement! It had assumed a dark, sullen expression, which, for the first time, suggested the thought, that a diminution of the perfect happiness she had enjoyed since her marriage, might be possible.

During this conversation, clouds had gathered. A flash of lightning now startled both, and the first peal of thunder was heard

with a suddenness and a crash, as if the universe had been rent asunder! The bark reeled; and the steep, high cliffs that rose from the water's edge, appeared by the motion of the vessel, to nod from their basements, and be about to roll together into one universal chaos. Again the lightning darted from cloud to cloud! Again the thunder roared; till awaking all the singular echoes of the spot, the sounds seemed carried along the winding course of the river, with endless and undulating reverberations!

Alas! poor Louisa, how often, in after years, did she recall that storm, so emblematic of her fate; and that look, which had filled her with such vague alarm, and feel that her heart had then prophesied but too truly!

CHAPTER VIII.

"By the bye, why do you not come to the rooms of an evening, Wentworth?" demanded a foppishly-dressed elderly gentleman, who, with a party of others, Theodore and Louisa, some three months after the scene on the Rhine, met with at Baden Baden.

"How can you ask such a question, Colonel," interposed one of the party who set up for a wit, "don't you know that

Wentworth has a commanding officer, and must not be absent without leave."

"If you mean a wife, so have I."

"True; but few men possess the happy nack of emancipating themselves from all domestic thraldom, so thoroughly as you do, Wheeler."

"Marriage," replied Colonel Wheeler gravely, "is an institution of such austerity that without some *mitigation*, it would be utterly intolerable."

"At what hour do you meet at the rooms?" asked Theodore, "I shall look in this evening, I think."

He stole a glance at Louisa, as he spoke; but her eyes were cast down to avoid those of his old friends, who were curious to see what sort of wife Wentworth had found. He thought it was on purpose, not to give him her approval. Old associations crowded upon him at the sight of his old companions. She must not expect to rule me, he thought. I had quite enough of that, in my mother's time! And he remembered with a shrink-

ing sensitiveness, how unmercifully Wheeler, (who had been a college companion of his), used to rally him about his fear of his mother; and quite determined on going to the rooms. I must not let him fancy that I am ruled by my wife, he thought. The company on the walks, where this conversation took place, now spoke of a late arrival, whom no one knew. One said that he never sat down to the table d' hôte till he had examined every countenance; another that he looked anxiously up, whenever the door opened; another, that his luggage was always ready for a start, at a moment's notice; another, that he paid his bill every evening; a circumstance which, to some who did not mean to pay theirs at all, must have seemed particularly strange.

"He plays a good game," said Wheeler.

At this moment, the subject of the conversation made his appearance. He was a tall, powerfully made man, with bushy eyebrows, and mustachoes; and an immense beard. His eyes were grey with an ex-

pression of mingled fear and ferocity, which made Louisa shudder! She pressed her husband's arm confidingly, and whispered, "Oh do not get acquainted with that man, love; he quite frightens me!"

To her surprise, a few moments after, when she had separated from Theodore to speak with some ladies; she saw him, conversing familiarly with the stranger. She thought her whisper had not been heard. What would have been her astonishment, could she have known that the peculiar animation of Theodore's manner, while walking and talking with the stranger, was caused by the spirit of opposition, raised by that same, harmless whisper. When she took his arm again, to return home; his manner was less tender. He had a suspicion that he had done wrong, which put him out of humour.

When the hour for the rooms arrived; he started up, saying, "I don't mean to stay late."

Louisa had forgotten the engagement,

and from surprise, had not time to smile before he quitted her abruptly; having construed her manner into disapproval. He stayed late to show her that he would not be ruled.

When he returned, he said sulkily. "Let this be a lesson to you Louisa. You made two attempts to-day, to dictate to me; you had better not try a third. Remember, that I am not a child; and that you are my wife; and not my mother!"

Louisa was startled by this first outbreak: it caused tears and a scene; all of which, she learnt afterwards to avoid. This time the reconciliation was very tender—and with a strong revulsion of feeling, he was once more the impassioned lover! But the ice thus broken, many were the calls on her patience. Till, at last, Theodore began to fear that he must have forfeited much of Louisa's good opinion, although she uttered no reproach. Once, however, the idea that he no longer deserved her love, had taken possession of his mind, he became by rapid

steps, worse and worse. Besides, he was at all times doggedly determined to have his own way, in which resolve he was strengthened by his confidant and adviser, Colonel Wheeler, yet he had not the common sense and moral courage to accomplish this in a kind and rational manner. When therefore he intended to dine at the table d' hote with a set of his gambling companions, for such Colonel Wheeler and his party turned out to be, instead of mentioning his purpose in the course of the day, he would leave it to the last moment, then walk towards the door, turn suddenly round, and looking almost sulky, as a sort of defence against possible remonstrance of thought, for he knew none would be uttered, say, "I dine at the table d' hôte to-day."

Taken unawares Louisa would perhaps repeat, "To-day," merely for something to say.

"Yes, to-day! you need not look up in such astonishment! There is nothing so marvellous in my dining at the *table d'hôte*

is there? I tell you Louisa! there is no use in your attempting to dictate to me in this manner; for I mean to go, and go I will!"

"Such tyranny was bad enough in a mother," he would mutter, as he closed the door after him, "but it is too bad in a wife!"

The fear her voice might tremble generally kept Louisa silent on such occasions "even from good words"; for she had ere this discovered that nothing provoked Theodore like the sight of tears of which he knew he was the cause.

In short, poor Louisa, in the course of the next six months, had need much too often to tell herself that her husband certainly did love her—notwithstanding some oddity of temper—that it was no fault of disposition; but merely an almost childish dread of being ruled; the fault of the tyranny under which he had suffered—Yes, her own dear mother was right! Children ought to be taught consideration for the

feelings of others; by having consideration shown for their own feelings!

She tried to hope that when she should be better acquainted with any little peculiarity of temper her husband might have; she should be better able to avoid whatever did not please him. Yet while thus seeking consolation, she sighed, as the thought came unbidden, how unlike this watching the signs of the weather on the brow of Theodore, was to the perfect happiness she had hoped for, when, as his bride, she had lived in the sunshine of his love, and trusted to find shelter in his affection from every storm of life.

"Perhaps it is the concentration of all feeling on one object," she thought, still trying to find excuses for her husband, "which makes me too sensitive to every shadow on his brow; to every intonation of his voice—When," and a newly found hope beamed on her face—"when I shall be a mother—When the babe on my knee shall look up at me and smile—I shall not be so

foolish! Now, his smile is the only light my heart knows—And oh! how often that light is withdrawn!"

But Louisa daily found that the more Theodore felt he had behaved ill, and was angry with himself for having done so, the more unkind his manner became to her; but she saw also how wretched all this made him, and in the midst of her own sufferings pitied him so much, that instead of having room in her heart for resentment or for pride there were moments when she could have knelt to him, and prayed him to have pity on himself, if he had none for her.

CHAPTER IX.

"ABSENT with, or without leave, Wentworth?" asked Colonel Wheeler, as Theodore, on the day Louisa had merely looked surprised, took his seat at the *table d'hôte*, fully persuaded that he was a very ill-treated man, a perfect martyr to the tyrannical tendencies of women.

"Without, I suppose," he replied; "but I have not taken the trouble of enquiring."

"Bravo!" was vociferated by all the men present, with a loud clapping of hands.

"The happiness of married life," observed the Colonel, "cannot commence till a man's freedom is fully established. So convinced have I long been of this great truth, that I never travel with heavy baggage! I make a point of leaving Mrs. Wheeler at home with her mother."

"You did not do so, I presume, on your wedding trip?" observed Theodore, nettled at the assumed superiority of the Colonel on the score of domestic arrangements.

Loud laughing, at the Colonel's expense, followed this sally.

"My maxim," said Wheeler, "is this: A wife ought to make a man happy: If a man have a wife, and is not happy, it follows, that his wife must be to blame—"

"Hear! hear!" and clapping.

"If a man were happier at home, than elsewhere," proceeded the Colonel, "he would stay at home. If therefore he prefer going out it is a proof that his wife does

not make his home happy. And further, let me add, while I propose the health of my friend Wentworth here, that if he be not happy at home and abroad, he deserves to be so! for he is the best natured fellow in the world! and no man's enemy but his own."

Thus ably supported, Theodore became duly strengthened in a vague idea that his wife, being the cause of his having uncomfortable sensations, he was entitled to feel resentment towards her. And it must be confessed, that, if he had not had a wife to torment, he would not have ventured to have tormented any one, who was not his wife, in the same degree; and therefore, might have escaped the qualms of conscience, which such conduct occasioned him, and gone on believing himself as agreeable and as amiable, as his idle companions assured him he was.

CHAPTER X.

CAN that be the blooming bride, so lately borne on the smooth waters of the Rhine, all radiant in the light of love and happiness; and blushing beneath the ardour of her lover husband's gaze?

How pale she looks! How changed from what she was, but six short months ago!

'Tis late—she is alone—her fair cheek, leaning pensively on her hand. She starts! With parted lip, and head erect, and

slightly heightened colour, she seems to listen. For some moments she is motionless! The slight flush fades: the pale cheek rests upon the hand again: the footfall has passed the door; and now the last faint sound dies away in the silence of the night.

And is it come to this, Louisa? Is that idol of an hour, the fondled bride, become a mere neglected toy?

Yea, it is worse than this: for it is not his finding pleasure in other society than hers, that she would be selfish enough to regret—although it does happen somewhat frequently—if when he did come home, he would come with a kind and cheerful manner, and accept a little, even a little of his happiness from her; she would be less forlorn; but oh! the weary nights that she has sat, where she now sits, waiting—waiting—waiting for his return—ready, heaven knows, to give him an affectionate and a cheerful welcome, whatever were the hour. Yet when he did return, or does return, if

it be later than usual; or if he have had losses at play, and is vexed with himself, and, therefore angry with her; or if he has said an unkind word at parting, for which his conscience smites him; he will enter the door without a smile on his face—that face she had so longed to see—and with a countenance as if it were cut out of stone—sit down there, at the further end of the room, without so much as speaking to her!

Oh! it is this that is breaking her heart!

CHAPTER XI.

"I WISH I had never gone to those rooms," said Theodore, as he returned home one evening, with evidently something to communicate. "It is all your fault, however; if you had not opposed me at first, I should never have got into the way of going there." Louisa was glad of even this speech—anything was better than sulky silence. "Well, you must know, that fellow that you took such a dislike to—and by-the-bye,

that is your fault too; if you had not meddled with me that day, I should never have made his acquaintance, (which is now likely to cost me a pretty round sum, I can tell you) but you have yourself to thank for it! Well, the fellow turns out to be a captain of banditti!"

"Indeed!"

"The police have been in search of him for some time—and to-day, about the middle of dinner,"—and here he became graphic to delay certain disagreeable disclosures —"the door flew suddenly open, and six men entered. The bandit made a dart towards an opposite exit; but two of the men had got their backs to it before he could reach it. After a short scuffle, therefore, the fellow was seized, and handcuffed. I don't think that Colonel Wheeler either will come out of the business with clean hands.

"There have been bill transactions between them, of no very creditable character. This business will quite break up our party here," he added, with assumed

carelessness; "so that as soon as funds arrive we shall return to England."

This communicative mood was merely a sort of bravo, off-hand manner of breaking to Louisa that a crisis in his own affairs, which he had been long expecting, had come at last.

It was hastened, no doubt, by the discovery of the bandit, of which he was almost glad, as it furnished a sort of excuse for his difficulties. These were also considerably aggravated, by all his gains having taken the form of bills manufactured between that fellow and the Colonel, and all of which it was now pretty clear he should have to meet himself; while his losses he had paid in bills of his own, which he must of course accept. While, independent of the Colonel and the bandit, the set of *roués* he had been living with since his arrival at Baden-Baden were many of them men of large nominal incomes, and all they lost or won was on a scale more in propor-

tion to their nominal fortunes than their actual resources.

They had declared Wentworth "an excellent fellow!" "A capital fellow!" and no wonder, for every one to whom no one else would lend money, borrowed of him; every bill which could find no other signature, was graced by his; he had been of the greatest importance to every one; no one had been able to do anything without him, and every one had been calling on him continually; while as for the Colonel, he had declared that he had never been able to pay a visit he had long owed to a family next door, for that, from habit, he always went in at Wentworth's instead. He had had appointments with every one. He received letters from every one; and had letters to write to every one. Those who had troublesome friends, asking them favours, used to say—

"Really I am sorry I cannot manage it; but I'll tell you who will do it for you in a minute! Wentworth. He is the best fellow

in the world! And I don't know how he contrives it, but he finds time for everything! He certainly is the best-hearted man alive."

An old gentleman who had been reading a newspaper, said drily—

"But is it a proof of his good-heartedness to heap inconvenience, privation, anxiety, and sorrow on his helpless wife for the purpose of officiously obliging a set of people who have no claims on him whatsoever."

Most of those present thought the old gentleman mad or a fool. He was quite correct however. There was no good-heartedness in the case; all this noisy popularity was sought, merely to alleviate the cravings of vanity, in one who felt incapable of the effort necessary to deserve rational respect.

As for his wife's patient, forgiving love, he knew not how to value it! Before, indeed, he had ever behaved ill to her, while he thought she believed him perfection, the flattering idea had gi ven brilliancy to

the intoxicating days of youthful passion. But alas! it was the false glare of mere gratified self-love; for the heart that has known no budding tenderness in infancy rarely expands in after life, with worthy domestic affections.

Theodore took for granted, in his careless way, that all the *friends* he had thus obliged, would, of course, come forward now, and oblige him; or, at least, pay what he had lent them, and prepare to meet their own bills, that such might not fall on him. A certain number of *particular friends* did buzz about him, when first he was reported to be in difficulties; but having ascertained the point, disappeared. A few people who owed him very small debts, made a parade of paying them; but, somehow, those by whom large sums were due, seemed all absent or ill, for they were never to be met with. Some, indeed, to whom he made written applications; after waiting several days before they gave any reply, wrote to say that they had delayed, in the hope of

answering *satisfactorily*; but were sorry to add, that they had been disappointed in that hope. Others, without ceremony or circumlocution, told him that it was impossible for them to pay him for some time, as they had scarcely money enough for—no matter what—amusement or pleasure! But really the coolness with which people, as soon as they get possession of your money, throw you and your most serious necessities over board, and prefer their own gratifications; and the resentment they consider themselves entitled to feel, when you wish to be paid; and the obligation they think they have laid you under at last, if they ever do pay you, would be incredible, without actual experience, and ought to teach all the world never to lend money.

Those from whom he tried to borrow, replied that, though they had handsome incomes, no doubt, they had not, *just then*, the command of a shilling in ready money. When he proposed bills, the very men who had been in the habit of drawing upon him,

had the face to tell him that it was a *rule* with them, never to accept a bill! Others, indeed, accepted freely; but when the bills came due, were not ready to meet them.

At length, the few who had not all but, cut him from the first, had no sooner satisfied their Paul Pry propensities, by looking a little into his affairs, than they shook their heads, and left him to his fate; being, of course, in good-natured haste, to gratify the curiosity of others by becoming oracles.

So that, in a very short time, Theodore found himself, with the exception of applications from duns, pretty quiet.

This was the signal for departure. And at an immense sacrifice, the thing was accomplished.

CHAPTER XII.

"WENTWORTH'S a monstrous good fellow—at least *was*—but you know he is done up."

"Yes, they say he got cleaned out at Baden Baden."

The Wentworths had returned to England and were living quietly at Wentworth House. These were some of the remarks made by their county neighbours, formerly the sporting companions of Theodore.

As for Theodore himself, he was

thoroughly uncomfortable. He could not endure not being a capital fellow; not entertaining, &c., &c.

All this made expenditure so tender a subject, that Louisa found it impossible to consult with her husband on any domestic arrangement. A second word made him impatient; and the very economy she found it necessary to observe in her own department, he chose to consider a practical reproach to him; under which he would become irritable, and accuse her of avarice and penury, though, heaven knows, she was silently denying herself to supply him; and where she had merited praise, suffering reproof, and taking it patiently.

CHAPTER XIII.

'WELL, nurse! he certainly is a beautiful child! Is he not?"

"That he is, ma'am!" replied the fat personage, to whom this appeal had been addressed. "I've nursed a good many ladies in my time; and handled many's the baby, but I never did see the like of him before!"

"It really is the case, nurse," rejoined the fond mother, in as matter-of-fact a

tone as she could assume, in the intervals of smiling and chirruping to the infant.

"It is not partiality—look at his precious face! Never was there painting of cupid or angel half so lovely!"

These novel remarks proceeded from poor Louisa, who had now been some months in England, and some weeks a mother.

The gush of maternal love had refreshed her spirit, and she was looking once more almost blooming, almost radiant, as smiling she watched the babe that lay at her bosom, deriving from that gentle source, at once its nourishment and its happiness! and with a tapering finger of transparent clearness, like that of a model hand in wax, touched now the cherub cheek, and now the chin, and now the cheek again.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I AM glad to find, my dear madam, that you do not consider every young woman, with a pair of hands, fit to have the care of your child, as is too much the custom," said Mr. Jameson, in reply to a letter from Louisa, requesting him to send her a nursery maid from his establishment. "Some ladies, indeed," he proceeded, "will enquire whether the girl knows how to do up small linen! and

if, in addition, she can trim a baby's cap, she is a treasure whom mothers meet to talk about. Depend upon it, madam, it is in vain that parents, after economising in the wages of nursery maids, and nursery governesses, make a lavish expenditure, at a later period, in laying on coat after coat of the glittering varnish of accomplishment, over natures vulgarized and demoralized, by listening, during five or six of their earliest and most trusting years, to nurses and nursery maids, conversing together, in bad grammar and coarse accents, about their lovers, their quarrels, and their caps; expressing all sorts of ignoble sentiments, and applauding every petty contrivance to deceive their employers.

"How greatly retarded must be the aggregate progress of the race, age after age, while, whatever advance the more privileged adults of each generation make, they still persist in handing down the plastic

minds of their children to the class the least advanced, to recast in their own mould.

"I send you a young person who never has been in contact with either vulgarity or immorality. She was reared in my infant school, selected thence for natural sweetness of disposition, and placed in my school of industry to learn general usefulness, and receive elementary instruction; and from thence again passed into the special establishment, for preparing nursery maids and nursery governesses, by teaching them the management of children both in body and mind, reduced to the certainty of a science. Indeed, until the importance of those who have the charge of infancy, be fully acknowledged, the progress of the human race, in virtue and happiness, can be little more than nominal!"

CHAPTER XV.

ABOUT five years after the day on which Louisa decided that there never had been a baby seen, so beautiful as her own, the drawing-room door at Wolderland Castle was flung open by two footmen, and a portly dame, carrying an infant proudly across her arms, was ushered in.

"I have brought the baby, my lord, to show to your lordship; and a fine, lovely little girl it is, for two hours old, as ever was seen."

"Take the brat away," roared his lordship, who having already heard that the child born to his son was a girl, was striding up and down the apartment in a rage. "I want nothing with girls, woman—Why the devil was it not a boy?"

"Because it is a girl, my lord!" replied the indignant nurse, as she turned round and sailed majestically through the door which she left to be shut by the footmen: who, on their part, were only keeping their countenances, till it was closed, to rally her or her reception, and laugh with her at their master.

Adolphus Wentworth, who soon after coming of age, had been married to Mary Cavendish, was standing in the recess of a distant window, his heart overflowing with love to his wife and his infant, and his cheeks glowing with indignation at his father's conduct.

He remained silent, however, apparently looking out at the prospect, while he was longing to follow the discomfitted nurse and

child, but was fearful that any movement, as was generally the case, would tend to increase the violence of his father, who continued striding up and down, railing against fate, and from time to time stopping short to explain deliberately to his son, for the hundredth time, the absolute necessity of having a son, in consequence of certain clauses in the Wolderland settlements, which in the case of the failure of male heirs, would cause the dismemberment of the estates.

Adolphus was made uncomfortable by all this absurdity, which would have made most young men laugh; but the tyrannical and violent temper of his father, and the broken-spirited example of his poor mother, had, in a great measure, deprived him of moral courage, while he had so often been asked by his father how he dared to think that his judgment was not much developed; but on the other hand, the fond caresses of his mother, which in childhood had been his greatest joy, had cherished all his gentlest affections. She had, however, no idea of method or firmness and, indeed, poor

woman, she had often been so much afraid of the child being knocked down by his father in a fit of passion, that she had no time to consider whether he was right or wrong, but was only too glad to pick him up, and run off with him in her arms at the risk of being knocked down herself!

She was romantic in her ideas of generosity; and her honour was that of the days of chivalry: so that she considered prudence the quality of a little mind. Her boy, therefore, while she amused him on her knee with childish stories—for she had no idea she was educating him—imbibed her sentiments, and grew up a character which it was impossible not to love; yet which, from want of worldly prudence and of energy, was peculiarly adapted to endanger the happiness of those who loved him.

Very shortly after the time of his marriage, his poor mother's mind broke down under the effect of constant fear. For twenty-two years she had trembled before

the fits of frantic violence to which her husband was subject; and at length became quite imbecile.

When she heard his voice, the lapse of years would be forgotten, and she would start up in an agony, and run round the room in search of her child, as in his infant days, to hide him from his father.

The nurse bearing her rejected treasure hastened back to the room of her mistress who as the babe was laid in her bosom, softly whispered,

"Is it not a perfect angel, nurse surely there never was such a child!"

The nurse, the same comfortable personage who had attended Louisa five years before; and been recommended by her, to her friend; replied, as she had done five years before to Louisa, that she had nursed a good many ladies in her time, and handled many a baby, but never seen the like of this before!

The fat personage is only nurse to the mamas. They nurse their babes themselves.

CHAPTER XVI.

"THEODORE WENTWORTH is on his legs again," remarked a sporting gentleman of the neighbourhood, to a party of his companions, "and a capital fellow he is."

"What luck some men have! An old aunt of his wife's they say has left him a hundred thousand pounds."

"More probably twenty."

"Well! even that—I wish any one would leave me twenty thousand!"

"By the bye, we must get him to sub-

scribe to our racing club. He'll do it handsomely—He is an excellent fellow!"

"He has only the life interest."

"Not even that—The aunt, I am told, has willed the life interest to her niece, and the reversion to the boy."

"Well! you can't blame her. Wentworth has certainly been imprudent—"

"But he's a capital fellow!"

"Yes! an excellent fellow."

The subject of their remarks joined them. Being congratulated on his accession to a hundred thousand, he laughed, and replied:

"Not quite so much."

The golden impeachment was too gratifying to his vanity to be denied; while his subscription to the racing club was on a scale to justify the report, and establish Theodore Wentworth the capital fellow of the county. He was appointed steward of the races: had his own bets; arranged everybody elses; asked half the world home to dinner; gave balls to the whole county;

and was, in short, once more in his element.

The new excitement grew upon him. The next races he had horses of his own; and each year, became fonder of the turf.

CHAPTER XVII.

Scenes and circumstances such as formerly almost broke Louisa's heart, now sent her to her child for consolation; but not till she had mastered her feelings, for she would not for worlds have cast the shadow of her sorrow over the sunshine of its young heart. The calling forth of maternal love had been, as we have said, a spring in the desert, a well of life in the wilderness of her blighted existence, which had supplied her with new energies. These she devoted

to the education of her son; a duty so little thought of by his father that it was left entirely in her hands.

The five years spent thus had strengthened her mind and formed her character, while the stimulus of intense affection for her child had enabled her to master the subject thoroughly. In what spirit she conducted her holy task, may be gathered from one or two passages in letters to her early friend, written on the occasion of the latter, who, as has been seen, had married the son of Lord Wolderland, becoming the mother of the little girl, who was so ill-received by its grandpapa.

After describing the devastation produced in the minds of children by harshness during their early years, she goes on to say—.

"All the mistakes ever committed on the side of over indulgence, are as nothing to this! Want of firmness may make children troublesome, and will probably create a thousand surface faults; but no-

thing utterly poisons the whole being at its source, paralyzes the heart, and makes all future return to good next to impossible, but the having been treated with severity, inconsistency and injustice, during infancy and childhood."

Poor Louisa, she spoke feelingly on this; though she told no one whence she drew her sad experience.

"The first of all the rules of education, dear Mary," she continued, "is, be kind to children! judiciously so, if you know how to be judicious, but if not, at any rate be kind. A mother's tenderness is the best substitute for knowledge! Had it needed learning to keep the affections of the heart from perishing, the world had long since been a desert. But throughout all the ages of the past, however dense the darkness was abroad, however fiercely blew the hurricane of evil passions from without, on the holy *altar* of *maternal love*, the sacred flame still burnt, and thither when the storm had abated, each gentle virtue

came, to have her lamp once more rekindled! The infant's heart should be awakened, as soon as possible, by fond caresses; and all its little sufferings and approaches to fretfulness, soothed and amused away, with all the ingenuity of affection; for the great point is to avoid awaking opposition, or giving activity to any unamiable emotion, before the child is old enough to understand the calm but firm demand for obedience; the kind though steady refusal of improper requests, as lessons of duty. Now, dearest Mary, when you have thus by your kind caresses your endearing solicitude, your gentleness, and reasonableness, won the fond affection of your child, and made your tender love necessary to its happiness; you will find that its desire to be approved of, which in all children is a powerful instinct, will have blended itself so beautifully, so inseparably with its love and respect towards yourself, that your child will obey you willingly in everything, rather than forfeit your smile. But when

any little fault obliges you to withdraw the smile, you must have the resolution, Mary, not to restore it till entire submission is obtained. A child must never gain one victory, or guided by the instinct which teaches it to seek the same ends, by the same means, it will often renew the struggle, and be less happy, as well as grow up less amiable. But incur no unnecessary struggles—rather let trifles pass unnoticed; and never recur to a past fault! let a child feel that once good, it is quite happy; and it will seldom prefer making itself miserable by being naughty. Then treat its feelings with respect, and make its self-respect necessary to establish the most complete authority; rooted in the best affections, and which will merge into that of conscience, and extend its influence over the conduct of your child, not only in your absence, but when you have ceased to exist!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

In a letter of a later date the following passage occurs:

"If you enlighten conscience by awaking enthusiastic admiration of virtue, your work is done! The effort to resemble what we admire, will follow, as surely as light follows the rising of the sun!

"With my own precious boy, the method I am pursuing is this:

"I relate to him stories, fables, and

portions of history, calculated to excite admiration of kindness, truth, justice, generosity, freedom from selfishness, in short of every virtue; and what is above all things indispensable (for the rest would have little or no effect without it), I make my own comments on each circumstance, and express my own enthusiastic admiration of every noble and virtuous action—I observe he listens with great emotion when he sees that I am moved. The power of sympathy on children is wonderful! no one can do anything with them, who does not know how to awaken it.

"I watch his countenance, and vary my expressions, till I see his eyes sparkle with intelligence, or fill with, perhaps, tears. At such times, he is generally sitting on my knee, darling boy, with his arms round my neck, so that I can feel his dear little heart beating responsive to each high and worthy sentiment.

"However great the principle I wish to inculcate, I try to make the story as simple

as I can; and I endeavour to link all this with reality by remarking upon everything which happens to himself, to myself, and to those around us, which can be made to illustrate a principle. By this means childhood is rendered a kind of rehearsal for after life.

"How trustfully he looks up in my face while I speak to him!

"Oh! Mary, it is such a pleasure to see the pure young soul, in the clear young eye of an intelligent child; asking you, as it were, to feed it with truth.

"But, undoubtedly, it is a pleasure mingled with awe; so powerful is the sense of responsibility it awakens! I try also to give him active habits of benevolence: to put him in the way of feeling compassion, and doing kind actions himself; for be assured, that the pleasurable glow in the child's own heart thus early, and habitually kindled, is an experience of pure enjoyment, never to be forgotten!

"Benevolence becomes an urging principle through life."

CHAPTER XIX.

"THOSE new stables of Wentworth's are splendid," observed a sporting gentleman.

"Needlessly so," replied a second.

"That is his affair," rejoined the first.

"He has some excellent horses," said a third.

"Pretty fair—But he thinks them better than they are."

"People see it is his hobby, and so they flatter him. Besides some persons have

their own reasons for doing so—He gives odds that none but a madman would think of."

"He sometimes wins, notwithstanding."

"But much oftener loses!"

"The horse he has in training just now, is a fine animal."

"The favourite, you mean?"

"Yes—that horse, with fair play, would beat the field."

"I heard Sir John tell him the other day, that he might take anything, or everything on that horse."

"He would do well to keep clear of Sir John."

"Have you told him so?"

"No—I have no particular fancy for being shot. And Wentworth is quite old enough to take care of himself."

"It is fortunate for his boy that he can only stake his life interest (so Sir John tells me). This nice place, and all the family estates, are strictly entailed."

"Sir John has made particular enquiries, it seems."

"What a nice woman Mrs. Wentworth is."

"Very superior! But Wentworth does not avail himself much of her advice, I am inclined to think."

"What man who wants advice, ever takes it? especially from a wife!"

"The boy is a fine little fellow, and she seems quite devoted to him."

"Very natural that she should. They have no other child—and Wentworth is hardly ever at home."

"The races begin, when?"

"On the twentieth.

CHAPTER XX.

THE weather was beautiful. The scene looked all cheerfulness, bustle and brilliancy. Mrs. Wentworth's turn out was one of the most splendid on the ground. It was quickly surrounded by a crowd of the sporting men, who had all had too many good dinners at her house, and hoped for too many more, not to be ready to make their bows whenever she appeared.

Her husband was among those who rode

up to the carriage. There was an unnatural gaiety about his spirits which pained her, it was so evidently the result of nervous excitement. A slight shiver passed over him, as he gave Louisa one of the printed cards, with the names of the horses; and his hand visibly trembled.

She looked after him with an anxious eye, as long as he was distinguishable, among the numbers of horsemen on the ground, all in movement. Groups formed and dispersed—individuals rode quickly from place to place. The horses were led past—the stewards took their stand—the course was cleared—every eye followed one direction.

Louisa saw the *favourite* take the lead from the first; and not only keep it steadily, but with a visibly increasing advantage. This was rendered conspicuous, each time that any undulation in the ground, concealed the running horses for a few moments; for on such occasions, the favourite

would re-appear, for some seconds, literally alone.

The race was drawing towards its conclusion. The distance lost by all the other horses, was more than it was possible for them to recover. The servants on the barouch box, turned round in triumph, to remark this to their mistress. The favourite passed the carriage, followed at hopeless distances, by its already beaten competitors.

They approached a corner of the course, which they had to sweep round for the last time; when the favourite, instead of doing so, bolted in a straight line, and carried its rider almost out of sight, while the remaining horses rode up to the winning post.

The fixedness of attitude, the almost breathless stillness of the moment before, was changed in an instant, to one universal movement, one universal hum; with the rush of all the horsemen on the ground, towards the scene of action.

The servants on the box looked round again at their mistress, but now with consternation on their faces.

The clamourous cries of the sellers of lists, the sellers of cakes, the sellers of fruit, &c., with the harangues of thimble riggers, and tumbling monkey leaders, became confounding.

Louisa watched with straining eyes, to catch a glimpse of her husband, among the mounted crowd, that still, without having found time to glance towards the carriages, surrounded the stand and winning post.

Little as she knew how much of his fate and her own, had hung on that race; she knew enough to feel sure that Theodore must be sadly disappointed; and to fear that he might be seriously inconvenienced; and she longed to see his face, and try to guess, by the expression of his countenance, what he felt. Could it have been shown to her at that moment, that she should never see her husband's face again;

what would have been her feelings! Poor Louisa, there she sat, looking from the carriage window; still watching the group of horsemen; still hoping, or rather, perhaps, wishing to see Theodore come out from the indistinct mass, and ride towards her.

At length the mounted crowd began to break into detached groups, and take different directions. She could now distinguish her husband, though his back was towards her. He seemed to be in earnest conversation with three or four others, with whom he rode away towards the side of the stand house, in which the committee room of the racing club was situated.

Some gentlemen of her acquaintance, at the same time rode towards the carriage with an expression of countenance in which there was so much solemnity, that if she had not, at the moment seen her husband part from them in safety, she would have been convinced that some fatal accident, of which they were afraid to tell her, had befallen him.

"Have you not heard then of the result of the race?" asked one of the gentlemen.

"I saw it!" she replied; "but how does Mr. Wentworth bear his disappointment? I know he was so sanguine about that horse!"

"Like a man!" replied the first speaker.

"Wonderfully!" cried another.

"As for the horse," interposed a third, "it thoroughly justified the confidence Wentworth placed in it. The fault was entirely the jockey's. Several of us saw latterly, that he had lost all command of the animal."

But Wentworth hoped to the last.

The group made their bows, and rode on.

Louisa remained with her eyes fixed on the corner of the stand, round which Theodore had disappeared.

A fortune-teller, who had thrown away much importunity under the carriage window, turned off at last, saying—

"You're in the right of it, lady, . to

keep your small money—you'll be wanting it soon yourself, maybe."

The sport of the day was concluded. The equipages were quitting the course.

A servant opened the carriage door to ask if she chose to be driven home. She started, thinking it was Theodore. She paused; he might possibly stay to dine with the club. She wished to see him, for one moment before she left the course, to form, if possible, some idea how he bore his disappointment.

After considerable hesitation, she wrote with a pencil, on a leaf taken from her pocket-book—

"If you intend dining with the club, will you come and speak to me, (for one moment), before I drive home."

She sent a footman with this note to the stand-house. He came back very shortly, saying there was no answer.

She saw she had done wrong.

"With his jealousy of interference," she thought—"he may imagine a thousand

things—that I wanted to enquire into the amount of his losses, perhaps; or to request him not to stay to dinner at the club,"—and she blamed herself, and despaired of ever learning all the precautions her husband's temper required.

How often had she cause to remember her poor little note: and fear that it might have contributed to produce the rash determination, to which Theodore came, on that fatal evening.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE sight of the servants in their showy liveries, and the side-board loaded with plate, was oppressive to Louisa as she sat at her solitary meal, and thought of the possible ruin in which her husband's affairs might be involved, even at that moment.

The night came on, and no Theodore made his appearance.

Twelve—one—two—three, struck. Still he came not.

A comfortless sensation of undefined dread stole over her!

It grew chilly, and the day began to dawn. At length she heard the clattering of horses' feet, but they seemed going round towards the stables. She ran to a back window, threw it up, and saw in the cold grey light of morning the groom, riding into the yard, leading Theodore's horse.

"Where is your master?" she exclaimed.

"Gone to London, ma'am!"

With forced calm she asked:

"Have you any letter?"

"No, ma'am."

She flung herself on her bed, and shed tears of real bitterness; forced from her by the sad conviction, of how little her feelings were cared for.

"However pressing the business," she thought, "even if it were impossible to ride home; he might have written one line."

And countless, unbidden remembrances,

of sufferings needlessly imposed, passed like shadowy spectres athwart the gloom of her thoughts. To banish these, she called up the image of her darling child; and resolved fervently, and for the thousandth time, to habituate him, above all things, to have consideration for the feelings of others.

CHAPTER XXII.

LOUISA, of course, expected to hear from London by the first possible post. But day after day passed, and no letter came.

She was seated in the little breakfast room which opened on the park, looking out on the approach. Perhaps expecting her husband. His not having written afforded a presumption that he meant to return immediately.

Two men, quite strangers, appeared, walking up towards the house.

Soon after, Louisa's maid, Edwards, entered with a countenance of consternation, to say that the men were bailiffs, come to put an execution into the house. At the same moment, a footman brought in a letter. This, Louisa took it for granted, was, at length, from her husband. It would explain all. She opened it, without waiting to look at the handwriting of the address.

It was from Sir John Stamer.

It informed her that Mr. Wentworth, having lost to him at the late races at D—all his (Mr. Wentworth's) life interest in Wentworth House and estate; that it was his, Sir John Stamer's wish, to enter upon possession, as soon as perfectly convenient to Mrs. Wentworth.

If it was her intention to follow Mr. Wentworth shortly, he should be sorry to give her the trouble of removing in the meantime. But, understanding that Mr. Wentworth had sailed for India without her, he thought it possible, she might not intend

to go, and therefore took the liberty of making this enquiry into her plans.

"Sailed for India, without her!" she repeated. And the letter fell from her loosened hold.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DURING a long illness which followed Adrian was all her consolation—her tie to life.

"I must not forsake my child," she thought, and felt strengthened as she pressed the hands of her dear boy; while he held both of hers in his, kneeling, first by her bed side, and when she was better, by her chair, to support her head on his shoulder.

"My noble-hearted boy," she thought,

" he loves me! oh, with what a true, what a beautiful affection! How untiring are his attentions—how do his lovely eyes watch my countenance—search my thoughts —how well does he divine my every wish."

And she would raise her head for a moment to indulge at once a mother's fondness and a mother's pride, by gazing on the face of her son.

He was indeed a picture! There was some resemblance to his strikingly handsome father; but so spiritualized by the soul, the heart, the poetry of his mother's angel nature beaming from his bright, clear eyes; and lighting up with a smile that was heavenly, every faultless feature, that he might have served as a model, for the beau ideal of classic art.

" My darling boy! You have been so absorbed in your attendance upon me, that you have forgotten yourself. Your dear hair has run quite wild for want of cutting."

" How glad I am, mama," he whispered,

" to see you well enough to mind such things. It shall be all put right to-morrow, to please you; but it makes a good pillow now, does it not?" he added playfully, as he crowded together the clustering, glossy curls towards the shoulder on which she was again laying her cheek; for she was not yet strong enough to hold her head up long.

Her boy was all her heart could desire. His whole nature seemed imbued with that most holy of qualifications, which she had so much wished to implant, consideration for the feelings of others.

But she had taught the lesson practically. She had shown consideration for the child's own feelings; and made him sensible that nothing short of a necessity, involving his own future welfare, ever made her cause him a moment's pain, or deprive him of a moment's innocent enjoyment.

And now, as she had sown, so she already reaped; for though, but between ten and eleven years old, his endearing, gentle,

thoughtful, unobtrusive, yet ever ready attentions to her, were beautiful to behold.

The instinctive sagacity with which that child would discover the subjects that gave his mother pain, and manage to avoid them; and those which gave her pleasure, and contrive to dwell upon them, was wonderful! But the extraordinary sympathy which existed between Louisa and her child, produced by the tenderness of her manner towards him in his infant years; had made him the unconscious reflection of her sweetness, and already, of a great portion, even, of her wisdom. Her own bright spirit seemed gradually passing over to her child as the time of her departure from this life was approaching.

But it approached slowly; as if resisted by the consciousness, that she had yet her holy mission to complete: that the formation of that noble, and beautiful mind, which already promised so well, still required years of devotion at her hands. And she addressed herself to the task with

renewed energy. The worst seemed now over. The vague dread of some terrible catastrophe, which had long haunted her, was at least changed for certainty; and that was repose, compared with the former state. There is something, also, that wearies, and that wears in living with an unreasonable temper, however patient you may be. So that the absence of her husband, though a cruelty on his part, was (unconsciously to herself), a relief to her.

When obliged to give up Wentworth House to Sir John; she had removed to a small cottage, which was so close to the school she had selected for Adrian, that from her own garden she could hear the murmur of the classes; and leaning on the paling, see the play-ground through the shrubs. So that when a shout proclaimed a rushing forth of the pupils, she could discern, with a mother's partial eye, the graceful limbs, and blooming features of her own precious boy; and with the smile

of gratified affection on her lips, follow his form wherever it moved among the merry groups. And when school hours were over, and he returned to her; how peaceful, how delightful were their evenings. It was all favourable to her plans. It was a life, the simplicity of which, by stripping conventional follies of their false glare, seemed to make it all the easier to inculcate truths!

While leading this peaceful life at Schoolhouse Cottage; a letter from Theodore at length arrived by the Indian Mail.

Long as it had been looked for, and wished for; it shook Louisa much. It was a strange composition. Just like himself.

He would not own he had done wrong, though from the tone and tenor of the letter he evidently knew he had. He had been obliged to go to India, he said, the state of his affairs had made it imperative. That race had ruined him! But that was not his fault. His confidence in the favourite (as the whole field had declared) was perfectly justified. The bolt was either an

accident, which no man could foresee, or a piece of knavery, against which no one could defend himself. His going off so suddenly, without riding home first—as he should certainly have done otherwise—was altogether her own fault; she should not have written that note: she ought to have known, that it would irritate him at such a moment.

He had thought, he said of taking a run down from town prior to sailing, but it could not be managed. It would have been very disagreeable to him, to have had bailiffs walking in. (He might have remembered that it could not very agreeable to his wife.) It would have annoyed him, he said, to have had his horses sold; and to have seen Sir John take possession of his splendid stables.

This was followed by other letters from time to time; but always strange and unsatisfactory.

Sometimes he talked wildly of her going out to him, and being surrounded with splen-

dours, almost regal! But all this was vague and impossible, and only served to break the quiet, that might else have proved salutary.

She lived thus for three or four years; frail in body, but full of mental energy; more a spiritual than a physical existence; entirely devoted to the formation of Adrian's mind.

Then came a very heavy blow! She received accounts of the death of her early friend, whom she had always loved as a twin sister. She had literally fallen a victim to the violent temper of Lord Wolderland.

She had become the mother of two more little girls, in all three. Each birth had aggravated the disappointment of his lordship.

On the last of these occasions, his loud and angry voice, had reached the ears of the poor imbecile old lady; who possessed by the illusion, that her son was still an infant, and in danger from his father's rage;

had escaped from her attendants, and ran shrieking into the room of her daughter-in-law, scarcely half an hour after her confinement; calling out—"The child! the child! He will kill the child!"

The young mother, of course, thought only of her new-born infant. The alarm caused an unfavourable turn, which had ended fatally. About two years after this event, letters from India brought accounts of Theodore's death by fever; and very shortly after these reiterated shocks, it became evident to Louisa's medical man, that she was fast sinking into a deep decline.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BETWEEN Lyme Regis, and the Pinny Cliffs, a picturesque pathway winds among the trees, in some parts completely sheltered by their overhanging branches; in others, traversing more open spots, and commanding views of the ocean, and of the chalky heights, which in that neighbourhood characterize the coast.

Passing one of these openings, two figures appear. A lady in widow's mourning; her beautiful features, pale as the water lily;

her delicate hand, of supernatural whiteness, hanging over the arm of a fine lad about seventeen, who strikingly resembled her. They were walking slowly along the path described, when hearing the merry laughter of little voices, they paused to listen whence the sounds came, and observed, on the further side of some paling, the pleasure grounds of an adjacent cottage residence. The grassy carpet was checkered with standard roses, and plots of flowers ; a bank that rose on one side was hung with flowering shrubs, and some rustic chairs stood invitingly upon the green.

The laughter drew nearer—and a moment after, three lovely little girls, the eldest about twelve years of age, the youngest little more than two, appeared on this rural stage.

They were in full run, emerging from behind a clump of shrubs, around which they seemed to have been chasing each other.

On seeing that they were observed

however, they stopped, and stood quite still. They were all three really beautiful, and dressed with as much taste and care, as if they had been at a children's ball.

At this moment the invalid lady, feeling very weak, leant on the arm of her companion more heavily than usual. He supported her with the tenderest solicitude, and looked anxiously round, as if in search of a seat.

The eldest of the little girls, with intuitive quickness, perceived in a moment what he wanted. She instantly began trying to draw one of the rustic chairs, towards the paling. It was evidently heavy for her; the exertion heightened her colour, and made her breathing short. Adrian (for it was he,) longed to leap over and carry it himself; but was obliged to stand looking on, for he could not withdraw his support from his fainting mother. The two little ones (as children always do,) joined their efforts to those of their

sister. They pushed, while she drew, till the desired goal was at length reached, and the chair, being lifted over the fence with the one arm that was free of the grateful Adrian, Louisa was placed upon it.

When rest had sufficiently recovered her, she commended her young friends, for being so considerate and obliging.

Children are pleased with those who praise them. So the little group stood close against the paling, seemingly in no hurry to depart. Meanwhile, the additional glow caused by exercise, beginning to subside, it became apparent, that the countenance of the eldest girl only, possessed the colouring of health; and that the brilliancy in the eyes and cheeks of both the younger was of a hectic cast. They coughed too.

Louisa, who was now quite recovered, observed that they ought to have had something about their necks.

They replied that they had been dancing, and were too warm.

And their shoes, she added, were very thin.

They said they were their dancing shoes, which they had put on to show their new dance to papa.

"You love your papa very much, do you not?"

The children all answered eagerly in the affirmative.

"But if you should catch cold and die; would it not grieve your papa?"

The children looked frightened; but remained silent. The eldest in particular, who was gazing up in Adrian's face at the moment, because his eyes were fixed on her, seemed much struck.

CHAPTER XXV.

LOUISA, who was sinking gradually, had been removed, by the advice of her medical attendant, to Lyme Regis for change of air.

Here she almost lived out of doors, and on the occasion of observing the three children, as just described, was taking her usual stroll, with the ever watchful Adrian by her side.

When they had reached their temporary home, and that she had taken possession

of her great chair, she said to Adrian, while he was arranging her pillows, shaking them up, and making all comfortable:

"I never see little girls of that age, without thinking of my dear friend's children. Poor things, deprived so early of a mother's care. It is really very unkind of their grandfather, not to let me see more of them."

"And why, mama, does he keep them away?"

"He is I fear, an unfeeling, disobliging person, my dear. I have written several times to their father, who has always answered kindly and gratefully, saying his darlings were well, but that Lord Wolderland would not let them go anywhere. Then I have been a good deal unsettled—and not well: so that altogether since their poor mother's death, they have not once been brought to see me. That is now nearly three years, I think, and owing to various melancholy circumstances, we had not met

for some time previously. So that I have never seen the youngest, and scarcely the second, but the eldest, I remember, was a sweet child! How anxiously—when first she was born—her dear mother and myself used to speculate about that poor child, if it lived, becoming some day or other the wife of my darling boy."

"Of me, mama! Why?"

"Because, my love," she answered solemnly, tears gathering in her eyes, "my dear friend believed that I was endeavouring to teach you respect for the feelings of others, so that her daughter, if hereafter her happiness should be entrusted to your keeping, should not be in danger of having her heart broken."

"Oh, mama!" interrupted Adrian, "you do not surely mean to say, that men are such monsters as actually to break their wives' hearts?"

"Do not say monster, my child! it is a hard word." She remained silent for a second or two, her eyes raised towards

heaven, then continued but with abstraction of manner : " There are too many who do so, without, I hope, meaning much harm; merely for want of consideration for the feelings of others, in what they deem trifles—and, perhaps, strange tempers which they had not been taught to control."

" Without meaning harm, mama," repeated Adrian, his cheeks reddening.

His mother smiled at the ardour of his indignation: but the smile though a kind, was a faint one.

" I have laboured above all things, my darling boy," she replied, " to instil into your mind respect for the feelings of others. But all, unhappily, are not so taught: we must not, therefore, entirely condemn them." She sighed heavily, then added, " Our safest way is to pity all who err; and endeavour to enlighten as many as we can."

" But it does not seem so easy to understand that one ought not wantonly to break any one's heart; particularly any one weaker than oneself; and that loves

one," persisted Adrian, "that I cannot see how a man, old enough to be married, can plead the not being taught as his excuse."

She smiled again, though still faintly.

"You know, my love, she said, "I do not mean by taught, *told*, or we might soon teach all the world: I mean habituated from infancy to act by the dictates of kind feelings and noble sentiments, and that requires a constant devotion on the part of parents, not always to be met with."

He saw a tear glisten in his mother's eye: He did not know her secret sorrow: He feared he had been impetuous: He sank quietly on his knees before her—stole his arms round her, and gazing up in her face said,

"What made me speak rashly, mama, was, that whenever those kind of subjects are mentioned, I am always thinking of my own dear mama; and that does make me wonder, how any one could be unkind to a person at all resembling her!"

She looked at him fondly, in reply. Then kissed his forehead; and reverted to the subject of her friend's little girl; saying, "As long as her poor mother lived, she must have been perfectly brought up, in every way. And I have great faith, in the lasting nature, of early impressions. Especially if continued, as in her case, for some years, at least. I should say, that a child habituated to kind feelings, and noble sentiments, up even to the age of ten, could not be quite spoiled afterwards. Who that had enjoyed the peace of heaven within their own bosom, for the first ten years of existence, would willingly, in later life, people it with fiends! I should therefore be pleased to think, that her poor mother's wish should be fulfilled; and that she should, one day be your wife—If when you meet hereafter, I mean, you should like each other."

"But mama, if Lord Wolderland, will not so much as send his grand daughters to see you; how can you think, that he would

allow one of them, to marry your son? Besides, I am sure, I should like that little girl that brought you the chair, much better! I could never love any one, that was taught not to come to see you! It was so kind of her, was it not mama? to find out in a moment that you wanted a seat; and to try to bring that rough thing, that was so difficult for her to move; I saw that she found it heavy; for it gave her such a colour! and put her so out of breath! And I could not leave you, you know, to help her—but I quite loved her, for every tug she gave that chair, through the grass—looking over her shoulder at you, with her large eyes, so anxiously all the while!—Has she not beautiful eyes, mama?"

Louisa assented, with an amused smile; then said,

"As to Lord Wolderland's objections to the match; circumstances may arise—indeed have arisen, if there be not further changes—that would make him the very person to propose the thing." Then, struck

by a sudden thought, she added, "What if those children, should be Mary's after all! Brought here to bathe, perhaps. I am sorry I did not think of asking them their name! Ring the bell love! I will send Edwards out to make enquiries. I had a feeling of vague recognition, in looking at those children. Though their being located in so modest a cottage; unattended, apparently, by any of that pomp, and circumstance, and needless multitude of governesses, and nursery maids, with which Lord Wolderland, would be likely to surround his grand-daughters, (especially as there is no grand-son,) makes it unlikely, that it should be them."

The bell had been rung with marvellous alacrity; and the maid dispatched.

During the interval; Louisa, who was not strong, slept for a few minutes; and when the opening of the door aroused her, felt refreshed.

The result of the enquiry was, that the name of the family, who had taken Lyme

Cottage, was Wentworth. That the gentleman, was the son of Lord Wolderland; and that they had only arrived on the previous day.

On hearing this report, Louisa determined to see her friend's children, the following morning.

"It must have been a likeness to their poor mother;" she said, "which struck me."

"I am so glad, mama," said Adrian, his eyes sparkling, "that that little girl, who is so good and so obliging, is Catherine Wentworth. I see she is not spoiled, as I thought, by not being let to come to see you. I am sure she is very good."

"I should hope she is," replied his mother.

Encouraged by Louisa's indulgent manner, he went on.

"How innocent her mouth looked, when she was speaking—and did you notice, mama, how white her teeth were; and how red her lips were; and what beautiful hair

she has—and her little feet too, how pretty they looked, treading on the soft grass."

"Why my darling boy," said his mother, playfully, "you are quite in love! And turned poet on the occasion."

"I am too young to be in love, I suppose," he replied, blushing like a girl; but with a delay on the last word, which implied a hope of being contradicted.

"Well, darling, you give very lover-like reasons for believing her good," persisted Louisa, not only smiling, but laughing.

"But you know, mama," he rejoined, in a deprecatory tone, "you like me to like her—don't you!"

"To show you that I do, you shall write a note to invite them here. Bring over my table, love. There—it must be in my name, you know—and to Mr. Wentworth, requesting him to send his little girls to see me in the morning; and to call himself, in the course of the day."

Adrian obeyed, and was about to fold the note.

"Now add a postscript," she resumed, with an arch smile: "'My son, Adrian, sends his love to his fair cousins.'"

"But am I to say that, really?" he asked, looking round with hesitation, and blushing again.

"Certainly, my love!"

The postscript was written, and the note dispatched.

"Do you think you shall feel well enough, to ask them to tea some evening, mama?" he asked, after a short silence.

"Often I hope," she replied. "Their papa is perfectly amiable, he, no doubt, will let them come."

"But are you sure," he said, with sudden seriousness, "it will not fatigue you mama?"

"On the contrary, my love, I think it will do me good: I shall be so pleased to see poor Mary's children. If I should feel fatigued you know, I can lie on the sofa,

and look on, while you entertain them. I could even sleep, if inclined; the sound of happiness never disturbs me. Edwards will get nice cakes for them, and fruit, and whatever you like, darling; you may give the orders, yourself. And when they come in the morning, I will ask them for the evening; and they can dance the pretty dance, they said they had been practising; and you shall dance with your little favourite."

CHAPTER XXVI.

MORNING came; and Louisa lay on the sofa, in a room which opened, by a glass door, on one of those hanging gardens facing the sea, with which that side of the cliff is entirely covered, terrace over terrace.

"I do not think I am strong enough to walk to-day, Adrian," she said: "and yet—as if from waywardness," and she smiled faintly, "I never wished so much to feel the sunshine. It seems the only thing that could warm me—for I am chilly," and she

gave him her hand, which was like an icicle, "here by the fire."

He looked anxious.

"And the balmy air too! I long to breathe it more freely than I can in this room—Do you find it airless, darling?"

"Not particularly," he said.

And he looked still more anxious.

"And those bright, sweet flowers; I should like to be in the midst of them!"

"The weather is so mild," he replied, in a tender, subdued voice, "indeed, much warmer out of doors than within; that we might, I think, venture to move your sofa into the garden. We can do so without your stirring?"

And he gazed enquiringly at her countenance, to see if the proposition seemed to please her.

He saw it did; and accordingly, without her rising from her couch, with the aid of Edwards, he placed it gently in her favourite arbour. Here the sun shone, with a warm

glow, on the reclining form of the invalid; while slight branches of honey-suckle and jessamine, hanging in natural festoons from the upper part of the entrance, afforded a partial drapery. The spot was every way a lovely one: Rose trees in full bloom, and chosen exotics from the conservatory stood on the grass before it; fragrant, flowery mounds rose on either side; and in the distance, far below, lay an expansive view of the shining sea; with ships and boats passing.

"I often think, of late, Adrian," she said, as soon as Edwards had done her part and retired, "that I may not much longer be spared to you, my child."

He started!

"Yet I have much to say," she went on, "or rather to repeat: for all I wish you to think, and feel, is already, I know, engraven on your heart—Yet, there may be, perhaps, an impressiveness accompanying your remembrance of what I am now about to say; and I think we shall have a quiet

hour, before the children are likely to come."

He had been arranging her pillows, with his usual tender assiduity.

When she talked of not being long with him; he had sunk on his knees, taken a hand in both of his, and looked anxiously in her face.

"You kneel, my child! It is well—And thus I consecrate you," she continued, laying her hand on his head, and raising her eyes to heaven, "to the service of Him who in mercy blessed me with your dutiful love, to be the solace, the joy, the sunshine of my existence! Continue, my son, through life to soften sorrow wherever you find it; and to bestow happiness wherever you can. Be these the occupations of your existence; and let the whole family of man, to whom I thus bequeath the most precious of my possessions, your love, receive at your hands, when I shall be no more, the tender cares, the anxious solicitude, you have hitherto bestowed on the

one frail being, who is now passing away to those realms of bliss, where you will follow her, my child! my darling child! when your mission on earth shall be accomplished."

Adrian listened breathlessly: large, silent tears stealing down his cheeks; but he would not have interrupted her for worlds.

"We have often conversed," she pursued, "on the best means by which you can devote yourself to the well-being of your fellow creatures; and you already well know this to be the only acceptable service you can offer to your God. And oh! do not, in any moment of discouragement, think, that mistaken humility will apologise for shrinking from this task. Benevolence is the great generating principle of all good! It will stimulate your intellect to that God-like wisdom which is the knowledge how to do good! And from this God-like benevolence; and this God-like wisdom will proceed an all but God-like

power! Hold fast this faith! and were you the humblest of earthly instruments mountains would roll away before you to clear your path! But you, Adrian, will have the accountability of him to whom ten talents were entrusted; for your fortune, and your social position, will give you an influence, easily improved into as much power of doing good as any individual, not a potentate, can possess.

Be ambitious then!

But you, who have learnt that the holy ambition of the soul to reach the highest standard it knows how to arpreciate, is the voice of conscience, and that the voice of conscience is the voice of God; your ambition will be, to ameliorate the condition of the human race—and, at the bidding of this holy feeling, you will place your foot on each step of the social ladder, which may be necessary to the attainment of your sacred object, without the remotest danger of mistaking that on which you *tread*, for that at which you *aim!*

"You will of course take your place in the deliberative councils of the state; and, in time, I have no doubt, at its helm. For you have talents, Adrian! And talents steadily directed through life, with a noble contempt of selfish views, to the one only object of real ambition—(the well being of the human family), must command the respect and admiration of the whole world! and not only neutralize all opposition; but conciliate the co-operation of those, who have any power to assist."

The invalid became so animated, by the enthusiasm with which she spoke, that Adrian was deceived into believing her better—and his own cheek glowed, and his own heart beat, as he listened to her inspiring words; and from time to time, pressed her hands to his lips, to mark his fond and cordial assent, without interrupting her by words.

"Public opinion," she continued, "as I have often explained to you, is at once the great *educator*, and the great *dictator*.

The powerful instinct which by nature desires our own respect, which in ignorance seeks the suffrages of others, to put us on terms with ourselves, and which when enlighted, becomes the voice of conscience, is that which gives to *public opinion* its *dictatorship!* He who shall educate this *dictator*, teach him to proclaim the true sources of happiness, and to hold up to veneration the true objects of worship, will throw open the gates of Paradise, both here and hereafter, to the whole human race!

"We cannot force men to prefer pain to pleasure! We cannot prevent men from desiring what they think glory!

"For this would be to alter the laws of nature, and they are the laws of God, therefore unalterable! But we can so enlighten public opinion, that men shall seek their happiness in worthy sources, and bestow the admiring worship of their souls, on the glorious attributes of perfect goodness, and perfect wisdom, and the mighty power of doing good, which proceeds from

both—in other words, my child, on the one true God—and thus, emulate such perfections themselves, and render to every emanation from them, seen in the conduct of good men, the respect it merits.

"When the finite would emulate the infinite, the distance in degree must be indeed immeasurable. But it is the assimilation in nature, which constitutes the elevating principle, while the distance in degree, but opens before the soul an eternity of progress! While then, Adrian, the relief of suffering, the going about doing good, is your every-day occupation; let the raising of the public standard of virtue, as the most effectual means of promoting general happiness, be the great, the holy mission of your life!"

She ceased.

"It shall! it shall! my mother!" he exclaimed, earnestly. "To these sacred duties will I devote (as long as life remains) every energy of soul and of body which I possess! so help me God!"

Louisa smiled with an expression of angelic joy. The eyes of both were then uplifted for a moment, as if to register the vow in heaven! When a second after, his rested again on the countenance of Louisa, her beautiful features were still—she seemed to sleep.

He gazed—and a chill stole through his heart. He saw—he felt that it was the sleep of death!

The piteous prayer to be spoken to—the fond caress—the frantic cry of fear, that all was indeed over, remained equally without response.

His head sunk—his face was hid on the dear hand he still held in both of his. He was stunned by the weight of the blow!

At this moment Edwards appeared at the glass door, pointing the way along the walk to the three little girls. But on seeing that her mistress seemed asleep, she advanced softly, signing to them to do the same. They accordingly followed with noiseless steps, while Adrian, whose face

was still covered, remained unconscious of their approach.

Edwards bent over her mistress—raised herself again—looked round with a countenance of consternation. Then waved to the children to go back. The two younger, who were but half-way, did so; their little faces reflecting the alarm visible on that of the maid; but the eldest, who had arrived close to the sofa, struck by a feeling of awe, trembled—sank on her knees—and lifted up her little hands as if in prayer.

Edwards rushed away towards the house, to give the alarm!

The sudden movement seemed partly to arouse Adrian—he half raised his head—his eyes turned on his kneeling companion, with the vacant look of despair! Without evincing any surprise at her presence, or consciousness of her being a stranger; he murmured in a low, hollow voice, "Send for the doctor," and hid his face again.

The child rose as softly as possible, and hastened, without letting a foot-fall be

heard, back to the glass door, inside which the faces of her little sisters might be seen watching for her.

She delivered Adrian's message, to the persons in the house; after which, under escort of the servant who had brought them, the three children returned home to their father with the melancholy tidings.

CHAPTER XXVII.

How it happened that the only son and three granddaughters of the ostentatious Lord Wolderland, had arrived so quietly at Lyme Regis, and taken up their abode in a modest, though pretty cottage, must now be explained, and the circumstances which led to this recounted, as they much concern the future history of one of them.

Mr. Wentworth's desolation at the loss of his wife, had rendered him for a time

insensible to everything but the presence of his little girls.

He had been in consequence removed from his own house to the Wolderlands, and the children of course with him.

Here the restless ambition of his father soon interfered. He was impatient for his son to return to society; to stand for the county; to canvass the neighbourhood; and, above all things, to marry again, as soon as decency would permit; that his darling object of having a grandson to inherit *his* titles, and prevent the dismemberment of *his* estates, might not be frustrated. He therefore commenced negotiations respecting a wife of influential connections and ample fortune, for his son; and set on foot enquiries about an all-accomplished governess for his granddaughters.

Lady Montville, who was a very particular friend of his, was kind enough to call herself to inform him, that, by the most fortunate chance, she was enabled to recommend to him a perfect

treasure. A young woman, who was at present in her own family; who spoke French, Italian, and German, and who could teach music, drawing, dancing, painting on velvet, japanning, making wax flowers, raised-work, Berlin-work, and all sorts of embroidery.

His Lordship naturally asked, why her Ladyship parted with so invaluable a person. Colouring through her rouge, she replied, that the salary was rather high for her.

But Lady Montville, although she had called herself on purpose to explain matters satisfactorily, had neglected to mention one little circumstance, which was the immediate cause of her parting with the treasure in question. Miss de Lyoncourt, it seems, had been instructed by her mother to lay siege to the heart of Lord Rosley; and being very beautiful, had made some progress towards success. Had Lady Montville merely sent her away, her son could have continued his pursuit with increased free-

dom. So that the safest way of getting rid of the affair, was to recommend the young person to her particular friend Lord Wolderland. Here Lord Rosley could not visit the governess unnoticed.

Lord Wolderland had a son, certainly—But—people must look to themselves—there was no providing against very contingency in this world.

The mother of Miss de Lyoncourt was an Italian by birth. She had been a singer at one of the minor theatres in Paris; and, at a very early age, had been privately married to an English nobleman, who had in vain endeavoured to seduce her; but she was, from feeling, modest. The ceremony had been performed by a Catholic priest only; the marriage, therefore, was illegal; which the young nobleman knew very well when he contracted it. He soon abandoned the poor singer. He had been sent abroad to break off an attachment at home which did not satisfy the ambitious views of his parents. He was accompanied by a

travelling tutor, chosen for his knowledge of the continental languages; but who, happening to be without principle, encouraged, rather than checked, the follies and vices of his pupil. He it was who contrived the illegal marriage, by which the Italian girl was deceived.

The young nobleman committed suicide, or was murdered coming out of a gambling house, (it was never ascertained which). After his death the singer gave birth to a daughter; (Miss de Lyoncourt). The tutor, who pretended to be the friendly adviser of the poor singer, assured her, that there was no use in her applying to the family in England; as they would never acknowledge such a marriage. And further, that if she attempted to go to England, she would be sent to prison. He knew this last assertion to be false; but he had two motives for saying all this. First, he feared blame for the little care he had taken of his charge; and for having been present at the marriage as a witness. And secondly, he wished the

young woman to feel herself utterly hopeless, that she might the more readily fall the victim of a dishonourable passion which he had conceived for her. In this, however, he failed; though he tried every expedient that villany could suggest. But he succeeded in deterring her from going to England. He also intercepted the letters she wrote, begging for some assistance to maintain her child; for these, while she thought him a friend, she had entrusted to him to direct, as she did not herself know the address. In due time, he pretended to receive letters from the family, refusing to assist her, or believe her story; and threatening to have her punished as an impostor if she ever annoyed them further.

So she worked hard in her old vocation; singing while her heart was sad!

A few years after, hoping to better her condition; she married a man, calling himself de Lyoncourt; and professing to be a teacher of languages; to have saved money; and to be able to make her comfortable.

He took her home to a neat apartment. But on the evening of the following day, towards dusk, she was waited upon by a ruffianly fellow, who informed her, that her husband was an escaped *forçat*, whom he would denounce, unless paid a sum of money. This affair drove them to London; where they settled as teachers—Monsieur of French; Madame of Italian, and singing. Instead of making herself known to the family of her former husband; the representations of the tutor had made her so much afraid of them, that she lived for some time in dread of their discovering that she had dared to set foot on English ground.

De Lyoncourt was the son of a French valet, in an English nobleman's family. He had never seen his mother. He had had reading, writing, and accounts flogged into him, and feeling flogged out of him, in one of the worst of common schools in London; been trained to all sorts of juvenile

delinquency in the streets of the metropolis, (the only play-ground the school afforded;) and fed by stealth in the kitchen of his father's master.

The first thing of which he had ever felt proud, was of his adroitness in stealing fruit and gingerbread from an old woman's stand. As he ran back to his companions with the booty, he was greeted by the eager plaudits of the whole party of ragged urchins, at which his heart beat with exultation, and new exploits of the same description soon made him acknowledged leader of the band.

When a lad, he went to Paris with his father; where, in consideration of his knowledge of English, he obtained a situation in one of those shops, where one sees over the door, or in the window, that obliging invitation to the newly-arrived British purchaser: "English spoken here." In this establishment, his special duty was to cheat the English customers, with tact

sufficient to perceive how far this could be done. Being a quick lad, he soon acquired a proficiency in this accomplishment, which excited the laughter and admiration of the other lads in the shop. He derived a sensible gratification from this applause, and became persuaded that successful dishonesty was a proof of superior ability.

He subsequently robbed his employers, ran away, and served in the French army, during some years of aggressive warfare. In this school, he learnt indifference to human life, and became habituated to the sight and practice of every licentious and brutal passion unchained, and the setting aside of all respect for human rights, human ties, and human feelings. He robbed an officer, to whom he was servant, of valuables taken from the burning house of a massacred family, and deserted in consequence. After many escapes and adventures, being now liable to be shot

if taken, he became the captain of a band of robbers. And to boast of deeds of daring atrocity and revolting cruelty, became his pride; for such were admired by his followers. To all this he joined foppery in dress, a great desire to make conquests among women, and excessive vanity in passing for a gentleman at inns, gaming houses, *tables d'hôte*, and all places he could venture to enter in various disguises, either to play himself, or look on, and discover who would be worth robbing, on their coming out. It was thus he had got among the gamblers at Baden-Baden, where he was the fellow who, in conjunction with Colonel Wheeler, swindled Theodore Wentworth.

After settling in London, Madame de Lyoncourt gave birth to a boy, who, in time, was sent to a school, of the same description as that at which his father had been taught, and played in the streets with a new generation of juvenile delinquents.

When old enough, he was placed in a Solicitor's office—while the power of teaching the girl music, and several languages, without cost, decided her mother on bringing her up for a governess.

Both children, to save trouble, went by the name of De Lyoncourt. As for the poor woman's life, it was one constant struggle, not only with poverty, but with the brutal propensities of her husband; who spent her hard earnings in revelling and drunkenness.

When desirous to obtain some lessons for her daughter, in dancing, drawing, and other showy accomplishments, required in gouernesses, she hesitated to give him the whole of any payment he knew she had received he would beat her severely, threaten to cut the girl's throat, seize the terrified, shrieking child by the hair, and hold an open razor over it till the last shilling was told down on the table.

He often took his razor to bed with him when he was drunk, saying he would cut her throat, as soon as she was asleep; but on such occasions, luckily, he fell asleep first himself.

Little did the families who promised to recommend this nice accomplished girl, whose poor mother had taken such pains to educate her so well, think of the bitter feelings concealed beneath smiles and thanks, with which Madame de Lyoncourt, soured and worn out by her life and suffering, viewed the splendour of their dwellings.

On returning, accompanied by her daughter, to her own dingy, poverty-stricken home; after giving singing lessons, in houses uniting princely magnificence, with luxurious comfort; Madame de Lyoncourt would look with disgust on the embers of the miserable little fire that awaited her; and without condescending to stir them, seated herself on a ricketty, ill-stuffed, old chair, and say:

"Well, when you are fit for a situation, you will enjoy something of it, I hope, though I never shall. And you may have a chance too of marrying greatly—such things have happened. And there are few men whom flattery will not reach—and from a beautiful girl too, as you certainly are, my poor Félicité!"

"If I could meet with a noble family to place you in, that had an elder son half a fool—and there are such if one had but the good luck to fall in with them—it's not impossible! it's not imposible!" she would repeat.

"And this is no home for you, now that you are getting to be almost a young woman; with the ruffians he brings about him, sitting drinking half the night, till I am terrified to think of it. Besides he is so greedy of gain, there is no knowing—

"He remarked the other day that you were growing very good-looking, and might

be worth money yet. No, child, it won't do for you to stay here...I must put you into a school to teach for your board, till I can get you a place."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In addition to her numerous ornamental accomplishments, Miss de Lyoncourt had learnt to imitate with great tact, the carriage and deportment of the well-bred society, she had had such constant opportunities of seeing, when taken by her mother daily to teach in fashionable houses, and almost every evening to sing at musical parties, at which, a peculiarly fine and well culti-

vated voice, had always made her services welcome.

When she passed from the family of Lady Montville, to that of Lord Wolderland, in the manner we have seen; she was schooled afresh by her mother, to profit by the experience of her first failure; and use greater circumspection, in her endeavours to secure the hand of the widower, Mr. Wentworth.

At first, therefore, her voice was scarcely to be heard; wrapped in the folds of a great shawl, perfect quietude was the characteristic of her manner: the children and their lessons seemed to engross her whole attention. If Mr. Wentworth entered his study—which was also that of his children—in a morning, the lessons were continued in a business-like manner. If, in an evening, she almost immediately retired, till finding, that in proportion as Lord Wolderland made his house gay, on the approach of the election, Mr. Wentworth got more and more into the habit of taking refuge for some hours, almost every evening,

in the study with his children; she ventured to ask permission, occasionally, to finish something she was doing for, or with her pupils. Sometimes they were just going to practise their singing; but, perhaps, it might disturb him.

Their papa expressed himself, on the contrary, desirous of hearing what progress they had made.

Miss de Lyoncourt, of course, assisted, which displayed her voice, and played the accompaniment, which made it necessary to throw back the cumbrous shawl.

At another time, they were just going to practice their dancing; perhaps they had better not do so at present?

"Oh let them dance, by all means, poor things."

Steps and attitudes, on the part of the teacher, were, of course, necessary. But papa's eyes were fixed on the tiny feet of his darlings; while the fine proportions, and graceful movements of their governess, could not win a glance.

It so happened that Miss de Lyoncourt chose the very best species of flattery that could have been offered to Mr. Wentworth; it was that of constant appeals to his superior judgment. She could seldom decide on anything that regarded the children, without consulting their dear papa. He was so sensible! It was such a comfort to her, to have the advantage of his opinion.

To Mr. Wentworth, who had been accustomed to be treated by his imperious father with contempt, for want of the judgment, he had never permitted him to use; this difference could not but be gratifying. He began to feel on better terms with himself, and, consequently, pleased with the person who had thus exalted him in his own opinion. Yet he had no suspicion that there was any other cause for the gratitude he felt towards Miss de Lyoncourt, than her devotion to his little girls; still less that the soothed feelings with which he now spent every evening he could escape from his father, with his children, received any addition

from the belief that his words sounded in the ears of Miss de Lyoncourt, like those of an oracle.

One evening, having read a passage aloud, he heard Miss de Lyoncourt telling the children, aside, that they should imitate his emphasis, his pronunciation, &c. They could not have a more perfect model!

On hearing the whisper, he looked round involuntarily, and saw through the glossy, raven ringlets, that half veiled the stooping countenance of Miss de Lyoncourt (for she was assiduous with her work) that she blushed. It was a second or two before his eyes were withdrawn.

He thought how thoroughly amiable a young creature must be, who, being so beautiful, could forget display, and shut herself up, as she did, with his poor little orphans! And when any of them are ill, too, he thought, she is as kind and watchful as a mother could be!

How *grateful* and how *just* men are, to glossy ringlets and glowing blushes!

Mr. Wentworth, however, to do him justice, could not already so forget the wife of his earliest affections, as to be, what is commonly called, in love; but he began to consider the presence of Miss de Lyoncourt a blessing to his children—a healing to his own feelings. To have parted form her now, would have been to have made his children a second time orphans; to have broken up, a second time, the little of domestic happiness, which, like a reflection from the light of former days, now sometimes visited his fireside; when the happy faces of his children were about him, and their innocent laughter sounded like music in his ears, and he felt that they were tenderly cared for; and saw that they loved again with all the trustfulness of childhood, the gentle hand that led them.

Miss de Lyoncourt thought him strangely insensible to the power of her beauty, which she had been taught to consider so great. Yet she could not help respecting him the more, while she felt that she was becoming

every day more painfully anxious to please him; and, at the same time, less able to make the efforts, in which she once had such confidence.

But now, when he came into the study she would lose her presence of mind, and find nothing appropriate to say to him. When occasions offered on which, formerly, she used to pay him a compliment, or show him some little mark of attention; her heart would beat with eagerness to avail herself of the opportunity; yet, somehow, she would let it go by.

She saw with a thrill of pleasure, that she possessed his esteem; but this, instead of giving her confidence, increased her timidity; she was afraid of losing his esteem by her efforts to obtain his love. His respect too had awakened her self esteem; and she began to feel ashamed, in her secret heart, of the artifices she had been taught to practise; and to wish to deserve the respect she saw she had inspired.

She certainly did hope that (for his children's sake, whom she knew he

adored,) she had become necessary to him. But, if he were obliged to part with her, or make her his wife, and even felt disposed to adopt the latter alternative, would he have the courage to fly in the face of Lord Wolderland! She feared not.

Of his lordship she knew nothing, but by report; for though she had been so long under his roof, she had never once been honoured with an interview. But she thought the man who was too proud even to look at her, (if she passed him by chance on the lawn, when walking with the children,) was not likely to receive her very willingly for his daughter-in-law. And there were moments, when her designs on the hand of Mr. Wentworth received an animating impulse, from the slights thus shown her. She had never once been permitted to enter the drawing-rooms; the lighted up windows of which, descried from afar, when returning from a solitary stroll in the park, was all she yet knew of those scenes of luxury and splendour.

To preside in them yet, as their mistress, would indeed be a triumph!

It was not, however, from want of due solicitude, respecting what he considered the education of his grand-daughters, that Lord Wolderland had never spoken to their governess; but, as he received the constant assurances of his female friends, Lady Montville in particular, that the improvement of the children, in every thing that could be desired, was astonishing, he felt quite satisfied. They were also permitted to come into the dining-room every day, during dessert, to give him an opportunity of observing that their *deportment* was attended to.

If his Lordship had been aware, how handsome Miss de Lyoncourt was, he might possibly have been more on his guard.

Or, had he happened to know that his son had allowed his study, which the children had been accustomed to occupy when they had no governess, to continue to be

their school-room, now that they had a young person with them, he might have thought it necessary to have commanded other arrangements. But these tender saplings of the noble tree, being *only girls*, he had not taken the trouble of enquiring what accommodation they had found.

One day, the children came running towards their papa on the lawn, in great dismay; and told him that Miss de Lyoncourt was going away.

He was surprised at the information, and still more so, at the uneasiness it occasioned him; and in the evening entered the study, expecting a formal announcement; but receiving none, at last said:

"I hope, Miss de Lyoncourt, it is a mistake of the childrens'! They spoke of your having some thoughts of leaving them. I trust it is not the case?"

"I have thought of it for some time," she replied.

Her mother had desired her to try

the effect of such an announcement. But of course, she was not to act upon it.

"I had hoped," he said, "that you were quite comfortable here — indeed, happy; for you seem so much attached to the children; and they to you."

"Seemed!" she repeated, "I was too happy, perhaps."

And she bent over the child she was caressing, to hide her tears.

Mr. Wentworth felt uncomfortable, and rose, as he said:

"If you are happy here, I think you had better make arrangements to remain. The children would miss you sadly!"

For an evening or two, he avoided going to the study.

Catherine, now about twelve years old, sometimes read to him in his own room, while he was dressing for dinner. As she laid down her book, he said:

"Miss de Lyoncourt is not going to leave you, I hope!"

"Not for awhile," answered Catherine; "till she finishes copying the picture on my locket. Because she wants to make one, to keep always—I cannot let her keep mine always, you know!"

"What are you talking about, child?"

"My locket, you know, with your picture in it, that poor mama used to have. Miss de Lyoncourt has taken such a fancy to it! And she wears it always—and cries, when I ask her to give it back to me—though I only lent it to her for awhile. And I want to wear it myself, you know, when I go down at dessert."

"What nonsense you talk child! Get back your locket! Do you mind? And don't speak about such folly again!"

"Was it wrong then to lend my locket?"

"No, my dear, it was not wrong in you, certainly, to be obliging; but it was foolish of Miss de Lyoncourt, to be so anxious about wearing ornaments, as to borrow the

locket. When she reflects she will think so herself. Therefore, I am sure, she would rather you did not speak of the subject again."

Catherine was amazingly puzzled! It was the first time she had conceived it possible for a governess to be foolish. She tried to excuse Miss de Lyoncourt, by saying:

"But she does not wear it outside here, as I do, for an ornament; she always keeps it hiding inside her frock that she may never lose it; because she loves you so very much."

"Don't say such foolish things, child! You don't know what you are talking about!"

"But she does, papa, love you!" persisted Catherine, "for she said so herself. Nobody could help loving you! she said."

Mr. Wentworth now felt, that he must permit the departure of Miss de Lyoncourt. But he was going to dine out, at some miles distance, with an old college friend,

and was already late. So he had no time for reflection. He endeavoured, however, to believe, while searching for his gloves; which, by the bye, were in his hand, that the excessive uneasiness he experienced, was occasioned by the loss the children should sustain.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE children appeared as usual in the dining-room after dinner, notwithstanding papa's absence. But grandpapa not being a playful personage, they gathered about the obsequious Mr. Snooks.

He was the family man of business, who, on the approach of an election, or other important affairs, was sometimes admitted to talk matters over after dinner, and even

permitted to sip a glass of wine when his Lordship dined quite alone.

Mr. Snooks, by way of making himself agreeable to his young friends, took the liberty of handling, and admiring, with religious reverence; and peerage-book-like recollection of the titles, christian names, and inter-marriages of the noble donors; such sacred relics, as gold chains, cornelian hearts, &c., bestowed by noble godfathers, and godmothers on birth days; and now worn by the sprigs and blossoms of the noble tree which sheltered him.

The children grew communicative: and Catherine assured him, that she had a much prettier locket than any which he had seen, and in her eagerness to account for its absence, forgetting, for the moment, what papa had said about not mentioning the subject, repeated the whole story of the picture. Then, suddenly recollecting herself, stopped short, and exclaimed, with a voice and look of consternation:

"But—oh! that's true—papa desired me not to tell!"

Lord Wolderland, who had been leaning back in his great chair, sipping his wine, had heard every word that passed.

Suppressing his rage, that he might collect all necessary information, he called Catherine to him; and laying his hands on both her shoulders, and looking in her face, in a manner that made her tremble commenced:

"Did you say, that Miss What-you-call-'em, the governess, wears a picture of your papa?"

The solemnity of grandpapa made Catherine think it necessary to be very precise. She replied, therefore:

"No, it is my locket, with papa's picture in it; that Miss de Lyoncourt wears."

"What! so she really wears your papa's picture?"

"Yes, she wears it always—But she will give it back to me, when she finishes the

one she is drawing for herself; for she does not want to keep my chain, or my locket, you know; only papa's picture."

"And she kisses it!" interposed Louisa, who had ventured half way across the rug. For children like to have a share in telling what seems to excite attention.

"And it sleeps with her," lisped Mary; who, rather than be quite left out, dared to speak before grandpapa; without, however, quitting the protecting knees of Mr. Snooks.

The two gentlemen exchanged looks. The glance of his Lordship was forked lightning.

"And you say," he continued, still pursuing his magisterial examination of Catherine, "that your papa desired you not not tell?"

"Yes," replied Catherine; "but I quite forgot!" Then, anxious to repair her error, by exculpating Miss de Lyoncourt from the folly, as her papa had called it, of loving finery; and convinced her-

self, that to love papa was not merely innocent, but praiseworthy; she added, eagerly:

"But Miss de Lyoncourt does not wear my locket outside here, as I do, to make her look fine; she only keeps it inside her frock, to look at it always, because she loves papa so very much!"

"And you are quite sure, Catherine," repeated Lord Wolderland, his chest heaving with the approaching eruption of the volcano, "that your papa desired you not to tell?"

"Yes!—because, he said, Miss de Lyoncourt would not like it to be mentioned. But I did not tell out of disobedience;" said the terrified child, alarmed by the flashing of her grandpapa's eyes; "I quite forgot!"

Here the gentlemen again exchanged looks.

"If it had been merely the impudence of the woman," said his Lordship, almost suffocated with rage; and addressing Mr.

Snooks; "but here, you see, is evidence of a completely established, mutual understanding!"

"Yes!" said the lawyer; "the desiring not to tell would have a bad appearance, I must confess, in any court."

"But I quite forgot!" repeated poor Catherine; looking anxiously from one face to the other, with tears in her eyes; thinking the fault was altogether hers.

"You will certainly have to get rid of the young woman," continued Snooks.

"And quickly too!" exclaimed his Lordship, with a sudden leap at the bell rope; which he tore down by the violence of the pull he gave it. "This is the man, who could not think of marrying again."

The bell being answered, his Lordship, in a voice of thunder, ordered that the governess should be told to attend him instantly.

The children availed themselves of the open door, to slip out; and soon found their way to the study, where they gave the best

account they could of what had passed; all speaking together and imitating the terrible looks, and "big voice" of grandpapa. While Catherine still repeated her declaration, that she did not tell out of disobedience, but that she quite forgot.

CHAPTER XXX.

Miss de Lyoncourt, trembled in every limb as she obeyed the summons of Lord Wolderland.

Forewarned by the children's hasty description of the scene which had just passed, she knew that she was about to be dismissed. If his Lordship should send her away quietly, she reflected, Mr. Wentworth would, in all probability, submit. She must therefore, she saw, as matters had gone so far, provoke insult, that he might

feel himself called upon to protect her. It might be a desperate game; but it was her only chance.

Lord Wolderland, as has been remarked, had never distinctly seen Miss de Lyoncourt. He was therefore somewhat startled on beholding a young woman of a decidedly splendid style of beauty enter the room, and come forward, with a bearing as haughty as his own.

Snooks, quite thrown off his guard, got up, shuffled back, and gave his chair to the lady. She seated herself with great coolness, and without seeming to notice his lordship's frown at Snooks's officiousness, or his polite remark, that *the woman could stand;* turned towards him, and said:

"I am informed that your Lordship wishes to speak to me."

Amazement at her presumption, caused the haughty peer to substitute, for his usual ebullitions of rage towards inferiors, a mock heroic irony of manner.

"I understand, madam," he said, "that you do my son, Mr. Wentworth, the honour of wearing his picture."

She drew the locket from her bosom, showed it to his Lordship, and restored it to its former position.

"You mean possibly," proceeded Lord Wolderland, in the same strain of bitter mockery, "to honour Mr. Wentworth also with your hand?"

"Certainly," she replied, "where I have already given my heart, I can have no hesitation to bestow my hand; I therefore accept your Lordship's flattering proposals with pleasure."

Snooks stared stupidly—to have been present at such presumption, seemed to him, almost a participation in the crime.

With an insulting laugh of ineffable scorn, Lord Wolderland rang the bell violently, and continued to do so, till the summons had caused a numerous attendance of domestics. When all stood round

waiting for orders, he pointed to Miss de Lyoncourt, and said:

"Take that woman by the shoulders, and turn her out of my house instantly!"

And now his wild rage, which had been so long held back, broke loose, and he gave vent to a torrent of abuse, using opprobrious epithets, talking of abandoned conduct, duckings in horse-ponds, horse-whippings, tread-mills, kicking out of doors, &c., in the midst of which, Miss de Lyoncourt, feeling that her dignity was at stake, rose to depart.

"Take the picture from her!" roared his Lordship.

"She turned, laid her hand across her bosom, and said:

"The picture is here! I shall not give it up —who shall dare touch my person to obtain it?"

"Take it from her, fellows!" again roared the peer.

She looked round her with flashing eyes.

The men did not move. But Snooks made a sneaking manifestation, like a cat approaching a cream jug.

She stamped her foot, as a doe when her fawn is behind her! He drew back, and muttered to his Lordship, that it would be best to send sheriffs' officers after her, to demand the stolen goods—it would serve her right for her impudence.

She maintained her attitude of defiance for a moment or two—then, with a stately step, quitted the room; and requesting the servants, as she passed through them, to procure her a carriage, sought the shelter of her own apartment.

The terrified little girls had come out on the stairs to watch for her—they flew to meet her—they clung about her—their fondness overpowered her. No longer upheld by her pride, she wept passionately, kissed them by turns, again

and again, and pressed them to her heart.

Arrived at length in her room:

"Remember, children," she said, as she wept and packed, and packed and wept, in miserable haste and confusion, "that the only fault of poor Félicité was, that she loved you all too well! It is for this, that I am insulted in the presence of servants, and turned out of doors."

"Is grandpapa angry with you for borrowing my locket?" asked Catherine in tears, and with the air of a culprit.

"Yes, love! It is all about that picture! Oh, Catherine! I cannot part with it now. It is dearer to me than ever —dearer to me than life! It will be my only companion—I will talk to it—I will weep over it—and when all the hard-hearted world frown upon me, this dear face will smile, and seem to say: 'I will protect you.'"

"How kindly papa smiles, Catherine!"

She was still gazing on the picture, through the dazzling mist of her tears, when the carriage was announced. Hastily, and with a swelling heart, she once more embraced the children, and tearing herself with agony away from the loving little arms that clung like tendrils about her, she descended to the hall, amid the ill-suppressed tittering of servants, and entered the wretched looking vehicle in waiting. The footman who assisted her into it, stood with a broad smile of polite impertinence on his countenance, and asked where she would be driven to. After a moment's hesitation, she mentioned the name of the nearest post town.

The door clapped, with that sound which has made so many hearts sink, and the rattling hack drove off, see sawing on the smooth gravel of Lord Wolderland's avenue, as if it would have liked ruts better, because it was used to them.

Three little faces were peeping from the upper casement of the high, round tower, and three little voices were floating through the air, saying—"Good bye! Good bye! Good bye!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

Mr. Wentworth returned from dining with his old friend, full of prudent resolves, to allow Miss de Lyoncourt to go away; and to avoid the study while she remained.

He was informed by the servant who let him in, that Lord Wolderland wished to see him.

On entering the library, he peceived immediately, that no very agreeable reception awaited him.

"You will have full leisure to listen to me, sir," said his lordship, pretending to misinterpret his son's look of uneasiness, "you cannot, at present, hasten to the arms of your mistress, as I happen to have turned her out of doors two hours ago." Here a volley of invectives followed.

Mr. Wentworth, his cheek burning, attempted an indignant refutation of the main accusation.

"If she be not your mistress, sir, so much the worse!" exclaimed his lordship with redoubled rage, "for if you wish me to believe that your conduct is what you call virtuous, and that your intimacy with this low woman, is to end in a beggarly, disgraceful marriage, totally subversive of my arrangements, you only prove yourself to be a still greater fool than I have always thought you.—Hold your tongue, sir!"—For Mr. Wentworth had tried to say that he did not mean to marry Miss de Lyoncourt or any one else.—"Hold your tongue, sir! and hear my commands. To-morrow

morning, you accompany me to Glen Park, and make your proposals to Lady Harriet Nightingale. Her ladyship's father and myself have made every necessary arrangement, and have only waited till your widowed feelings," (with a heartless sneer,) "would suffer you to think of a second marriage. Your present conduct proves, that there can be no occasion for further delay."

In vain did Mr. Wentworth endeavour to declare that he never would unite himself to Lady Harriet Nightingale; his voice could not be heard through the tempest of his father's rage.

His lordship had been induced to suffer the departure of Miss de Lyoncourt, without further molestation respecting the picture by Snooks's suggestion, and by the pleasure he anticipated from giving his son this agreeable surprise on his return. He now, however, reverted to the subject, and stormed about the woman's audacity, in carrying off the picture of his son, in spite

of half a dozen footmen; while not one of the dastardly crew, had the courage to touch the vixen!

Mr. Wentworth started! and his usually mild eye, flashed while he listened!

"It was fortunate," he said, "that no one had dared to perpetrate so gross an insult, or I should have been under the necessity of horsewhipping the fellow; and of making the only reparation in my power to Miss de Lyoncourt, by marrying her before to-morrow's sunset."

His lordship stared! His son was coming out in a new character. He was daring to have a will of his own!

CHAPTER XXXII.

Mr. Wentworth, on his way to his own room, went into that of his children, as he was wont. And this night, he felt that he had peculiar need to look upon their peaceful slumbers.

But Catherine, made wakeful by penitence, for the mischief of which she believed herself the cause, had been watching for him.

The instant he appeared, she started up

in her bed; clasped her arms round his neck, and, sobbing, pleaded that she had quite forgot!

The two younger children had been asleep, but aroused by the light, they clambered from their cots into that of their sister, and entwining their arms through hers around her papa's neck, claimed their share of his caresses.

They were all, of course, full of the departure of Miss de Lyoncourt; and grandpapa scolding her so loud! and making her cry so! They described her actions, and repeated her words; all of which gained, rather than lost, by their artless modes of expression, and that graphic imitation of attitudes and movements, with which children accompany their recitals. Her reiterated declarations, that her fault was loving them *all* too well; could not be misunderstood. No one could blame her for loving the children—It was him then, that she loved *too* well!

It was on his account that she had been

insulted; falsely accused, and turned out of doors. And how grossly his father could insult he well knew. And all this had taken place in the presence of a host of liveried lackeys; to whose forbearance, it seems, she owed, that her person had not been roughly handled.

That roof, under which, for nearly three years, she had been all but a mother to his orphan darlings; had ceased to shelter her! She was at that moment, heaven knows where! without friend, or protector—A beautiful young creature too—as she certainly was!

And what fault had she committed? Had she been forward? No!—Had she not even intended leaving the house to avoid his society? Was it not by the merest accident, that her sentiments had been discovered? And now, how many were the little incidents, betraying symptoms of regard, which presented themselves.

Reflecting thus he retired to bed, but not

to sleep. Indignation at the injuries, and insults, heaped upon poor Miss de Lyoncourt on his account, seemed to have thrown open the avenues of his heart to every fascination of sympathy, accomplishment, and person, to which he had hitherto appeared almost insensible. He no longer tried to conceal from himself, that Miss de Lyoncourt loved him! Words which he had endeavoured to persuade himself he had not heard, and looks which he had tried to believe he had not seen; were now heard, and seen again, and a sensible pleasure derived from their remembrance. In short, he was unable to comprehend the state of his own mind. He felt comparatively happy under the entire conviction of that, of which the suspicion, only some hours since, had made him, if not miserable, at least seriously uneasy.

His father's command to make proposals of marriage, the next morning, to Lady Harriet Nightingale, here obtruded itself

upon his thoughts—and, obedient to association's magic touch, her Ladyship's image arose.

Poor Lady Harriet was what Lady Montville called "*too ugly!*"

Her form was stunted, and ill-made; as if she had been half poisoned, or three parts starved in infancy. The skin of her face and neck was of that rugged, greenish brown, which characterises the russet apple. Her eyes, though dark, were small, and close together; and both kept a vigilant watch upon her nose, as if they were afraid it would run away; (not that it would have been any great loss if it had). Her hair resembled the stuffing of an old chair. Her teeth were long, large, and projecting; and so crowded together, that they seemed to hustle each other for room, like the guests at a *table d'hôte;* while the lips, though clumsy, were quite inadequate to the task of covering them. The lips themselves, too, were by no means ornamental; for they were of an unhealthy, blueish

colour, while the under one always bore on its hardened surface an exact impression of the upper teeth, which might have saved a dentist the trouble of taking one in wax. So that the case of the countenance was hopeless; for no attempt to smile could help a face with such a mouth! And as for the poor little nose, that was so watched, it was but a mere excrescence after all; and, in point of colour, of a rather less dull blue than the lips. In bad constitutions, the vital spark generally takes refuge in the nose, whether it be large or small.

But association was again busy with her wand—and another image appeared. It was that of Lady Harriet's rival. Now, amid the many charms of this face none were more remarkable than the classic form, and coral red of the lips, and the pearly lustre, and regularity of the small, white teeth.

Then he remembered the sweetness of the smile, and the light of love in the tearful eye, and saw again the blush he had

seen through the glossy ringlets when she had stooped to hide it; all so unlike Lady Harriet.

With two such women thrust upon him, as it were by circumstances, it was impossible for any man, however little disposed to found his attachments on mere personal attractions, to remain entirely insensible to the contrast which imagination thus presented.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Soon after day break, Mr. Wentworth was awakened by the entrance of his valet with a letter.

The hand-writing was that of Miss de Lyoncourt. The messenger was to wait.

The letter consisted almost entirely of an incoherent entreaty, that he would come to see her, were it but for one moment! She was in a state bordering on distraction! Wild and desperate thoughts haunted her

mind! If her messenger returned with a refusal to her request, she could not answer for the consequences! Who else could advise her? Who else knew her innocence? Her mother would believe the cruel slanders of Lord Wolderland, and refuse to receive her. A wretch! an outcast! where could she seek shelter but in her grave?

Mr. Wentworth, greatly agitated, rang and ordered,—not his horse—but his carriage. What induced him to choose the latter mode of conveying himself to a small inn, at about two miles distance, he did not tell even to himself; it must, therefore, remain a secret.

Before the carriage was announced, he had dressed hastily, kissed the cheeks of his sleeping children, and descended to the hall; secretly glad, by the earliness of the hour, to avoid all discussion with his father.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE expressions in the letter of Miss de Lyoncourt, were no exaggerated picture of her feelings.

When on the evening before, the door of the chaise had closed upon her—and she had crossed the park—and passed the lodge-gates, and found herself alone on the high-road, without one remaining tie between her and the family, in the bosom of which she had so long found a happy home, an

intolerable sense of loneliness and helplessness came over her; and as she lost sight of the turrets of the castle, dread, almost despair seized her!

What! if Mr. Wentworth were to see the propriety of her removal! and, though incapable of effecting it himself—now that it was done—judge it advisable not to interfere? A letter from the agent, containing the balance of her salary, was, possibly, the sole communication she might ever have again, with any being at the Wolderlands! she bent forward, and strained her sight to keep in view the already distant trees of the park, as their dark line skirted the horizon.

"Oh! I have staked too much!" she thought, "why did I not leave things to their quiet course? I had, at least, his regard, his respect, and above all his society! and the innocent fondness, too, of those dear children," she added, after a pause, devoted to melancholy musings, "and what have I now?" The reply was

intolerable! she fell back for consolation on the soothing remembrance of the children's love. "How they clung about me," she thought, "and called after me to say good bye, again and again! Their sweet little faces looking down from the high turret casement, like a group of angels, heads from heaven! When, alas! shall I hear again, the music of those innocent voices?—and the cherub faces.—They will, most likely, have become those of haughty women, cold and strange, before I again behold them—if I ever should."

She had long known that she felt some preference for Mr. Wentworth, for who, she had argued, could be in the society of one so truly amiable, without becoming attached, more or less; but his mild, respectful, unimpassioned manner, had never put her on her guard; and up to the present time, she had gone on persuading herself that ambition had a main share in her efforts to captivate; and that the reverence and tenderness, she could not help

feeling, were but the sweetners of her task. But now she felt, that were he a beggar and an outcast like herself, she could adore him, and beg with him, and for him, heedless of the world's scorn!

She blamed her mother's counsels for having urged the experiment, of allowing the children to see the picture.—Oh what would she now have given to recall that fatal step, and be again seated in the study with him beside her; though she would never be more to him than the humble governess of his children.

Arrived at the first inn, she determined to stop there. She could not bear to go farther from all to which her heart so fondly clung.

She was in a pitiable state of mind, and spent the night—without attempting to retire to rest—in pacing the apartment, and writing the letter we have seen; and which, at the first approach of dawn, she had despatched by a special messenger.

She stood at the window to watch the departure of the man. She counted the probable time of his absence — again paced the room, and again stood at the window.

It is possible, she thought, that he may come! He may think that the indignity and injustice I have suffered on his account, demand that he should make me some reparation: and he may act on the generous impulse.

The thought was, for the moment, like intoxication.

The next, she pictured to herself, her messenger returning, with a calm, but kind and respectful note, from Mr. Wentworth, apologising for his father's want of command of temper, and promising to do ample justice to her character, whenever it should be necessary,

The successful imitation of his style, which memory enabled her to make, seemed to give a probability to the

arrival of such a note, which was agonizing.

At this moment she saw—what?

Mr. Wentworth's carriage, driving up to the door! She caught one glimpse of his kind face at the side window, as he put out his hand to let down the glass.

She uttered a short, half audible cry of joy! Clasped her hands together. Hastily approached the door of the room—as hastily turned from it, and buried her face in the corner of a sofa.

She heard his voice on the stairs, enquiring for her—she heard the handle of the door move—there was a singing in her ears—she all but fainted.

He approached the sofa—he seated himself by her side—he took her hand, and pressed it gently. She looked round, and in a moment saw all she had wished, and more than she had dared to hope, realized in the expression of the eyes that rested kindly upon her! The dark thoughts of

being thrown upon the world, a lonely outcast, vanished, and gave way to tumultuous joy; for in that expression she saw, not only the promises of continued friendship and protection, but she saw also that at last she was beloved; and forgetting how that love had been won, nor waiting to think in what it should end, she experienced the first moment of unalloyed happiness she had ever known; and with all the artlessness of infancy, embraced the arm that was next to her in both of hers, as a child might have done; and hiding her face on his shoulder, wept for very ecstasy.

An apology he had intended to make, about the unworthy treatment she had received from his father on the preceding evening, was forgotten; and to soothing assurances of affection and protection, he hastened to add, (lest she should be pained by a doubt of the nature of his addresses, or for a moment suspect him of being

capable of taking advantage of her situation,) that if it were not too much hurry for her spirits, it was his wish, before the noon of that day, to give himself a legal right to love and protect her, to the latest hour of his life.

Who shall paint the strange emotions these words sent into her heart? There was a throb of almost wild triumph; but followed instantly by a deep sense of unworthiness. The generous conduct of Mr. Wentworth, contrasted with recollections of daily artifice, of long-laid design, (though her present feelings were sincere,) smote her with conscious degradation.

She sunk on her knees at his feet, and covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He was surprised, shocked. He raised her; he pressed her to his bosom. He reproached her gently—it was for him to be grateful, he said, (mistaking the causes

of her self-abasement.) What were the trivial advantages of fortune, compared with the debt he owed to her, who had taught happiness to his widowed heart; who had been a mother to his orphan children.

Thus re-assured, the momentary pang passed away—and all was again sunshine in the breast of Miss de Lyoncourt, while Mr. Wentworth began to wonder how slow he had been in discovering, or rather feeling, (for he must have always seen, he thought,) how very beautiful she was. And was she not accomplished, elegant, and did she not already love his dear children as if she were their mother? What could he desire more?

And as to discussing the matter with his father first—that would be worse than useless. It could only lead to scenes of intolerable violence, which were much better avoided.

"When the ceremony is over," he said,

" if Lord Wolderland chooses to receive us —well—if not, the misfortune of holding little intercourse with a person who has no command of temper, will not (I am sorry to say so of a father,) be very great."

CHAPTER XXXV.

LORD WOLDERLAND had retired to rest persuaded, that having turned "*The woman*" out of doors; and laid his imperious commands on his son, respecting Lady Harriet; the affair of the governess was at a end.

"Nothing like prompt measures!" was his last reflection ere he fell asleep.

His Lordship was not a little surprised, therefore, ere he had quitted the breakfast table, the next morning, to receive a note

from his son, saying, that he had just married Miss de Lyoncourt; and begging permission to present his bride. It was the hasty measures of his Lordship, on the previous evening, he said, which had compelled him to take this rather hasty step this morning.

Now, as Lord Wolderland always breakfasted alone in his library, he was not aware, that Mr. Wentworth had even gone out; his surprise was, therefore, all the greater.

It is needless to say, that his Lordship did not receive the bride.

Among various ebullitions of rage, which it would be tedious to describe, he gave orders, that the children should not be allowed to have any communication with their father—but was told, in reply, that they had already gone to him.

Anticipating some possible interference with their removal, their papa had sent for them at a very early hour. And great had been their delight and astonishment on

arriving at the little inn, and seeing papa looking so very happy ; and finding Miss de Lyoncourt sitting on the sofa with him ; and being told, that she was not Miss de Lyoncourt any longer—but their mama.

Lyme Regis was reached by the bridal party in time for a late dinner. And the day after this arrival, it was, that the three children were observed by Louisa, playing in the pleasure ground of Lyme Cottage.

It may be remembered, that in compliance with the note she had caused Adrain to write, they had been sent the next morning to visit her, but that they had arrived in the garden only at the moment she had expired.

When they returned with the melancholy tidings to their papa, poor Catherine was looking so pale, and when spoken to soothingly, sobbed for so long, that it was quite alarming. Yet the child said, when questioned, that it was not seeing the poor lady seeming asleep that had made her

afraid; but Adrain's face—because he was not crying, only looking so frightened himself.

Mr. Wentworth hastened to the house of mourning, to see if he could be of any use to the orphan son of his late wife's early friend in the hour of his bereavement. He had an interview with the medical gentleman, and understood from him, that the Rev. Mr. Fairfield had been sent for. He offered his services in any arrangements that might be required.

He called again the next day, and saw Mr. Fairfield, who had arrived, and who was the particular friend of the deceased, and the person who had assisted her in conducting the education of her son. He had been appointed by her to superintend the college course of Adrain, and subsequently, to travel with him.

Mr. Wentworth attended the funeral; saw Adrian for a moment—received a silent, but grateful grasp of the hand; and when the melancholy ceremony was over,

saw him drive out of Lyme Regis in a travelling carriage, accompanied by Mr. Fairfield.

"There is something very prepossessing about that lad," he said, when he returned home. "He is sure to turn out well! He has the finest countenance I ever beheld! its expression is perfectly sublime!"

Some weeks after, Mr. Wentworth received a letter from Adrian, full of good feeling, and gratitude for attentions, which at the time he had been unable to acknowledge.

Later still, when Adrian returned to see the tombstone, which had been put up for his mother, he called at Lyme Cottage—but the family had left Lyme Regis.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

On the steps of a splendid country house, stood Mrs. Wentworth, with several servants in attendance, watching the approach of a carriage, which was driving up to the door.

It stopped. The servants assisted a lady to descend fron it, whom Mrs. Wentworth rushed forward to meet—it was her mother.

Madame de Lyoncourt, while shedding tears of joy, loosened her long embrace,

but to gaze with delighted eyes on the beauty of her child, set off by elegance of attire, and surrounded by the advantages of a magnificent house, and splendid furniture—for they had now reached the drawing-room—by in short, all of which she had longed to see her possessed. The place was Greenwood Park, Mr. Wentworth's country seat; to which, after spending the honey-moon, at Lyme Regis, the family had removed.

Madame de Lyoncourt gazed all around; and again at her daughter; and again all around her! Admired sofas and hangings, and placed herself in comfortable chairs, and praised their luxurious ease. Then led by her daughter, passed into the boudoir, so deliciously fitted up; and from that into the conservatory, filled with choice exotics; and from that again out on the velvet grass, dotted with rare plants.

"Well, Félicité!" she exclaimed, at last, "the day-dream of my life is accomplished; you have everything! everything! and

you won't let your poor mother want, will you?"

"Want! Oh no! Never, I trust, shall you know discomfort again. You can form no idea what a character Mr. Wentworth is, without exception the most thoroughly amiable, the most generous of human beings! I am sure he will gladly permit me to do everything that is kind, everything that my own heart would dictate for my dear mother.

"No! no! I wouldn't have you demean yourself talking about it at all. He'll never miss the trifle you'd send to me."

Madame de Lyoncourt saw that her daughter looked uneasy, and dropped the subject for the present.

Indeed there was so much to see, and go to see, in gardens, grounds, and neighbourhood, that for some days there was no time for conversation, except by snatches Then the poor woman was so delighted with the luxury of her bed-room; such a bed, such easy chairs, so fine a fire, so soft a rug, so many

comforts, that she might have just seen, perhaps, but never enjoyed before.

"Oh, mother," said Mrs. Wentworth, who had seen her to her room, and stood with her by the fire, "I wish you could stay with us entirely—I am sure Mr. Wentworth would consent to it to please me."

"That would be heaven indeed," replied Madame de Lyoncourt, "But it can't be, Félicité. That man will never consent to my leaving him, as long as I can earn a shilling. I have made myself his slave, and his slave I must remain, although it is foreshown to me that he will be the death of me yet. Yes, I've seen it in his eye more than once, only I'm useful to him, and that stays his hand."

"Oh, mother!" cried Mrs. Wentworth, turning deadly pale, "you shall never go near him again. You are here, and you shall stay here!"

"No, Félicité, it wont do. He would come after me—and demand me—and disturb the house—and make Mr. Wentworth

think that he had brought a hornet's nest about him, when he married you—and take a disgust to you, perhaps. He must not know what a desperate character," and she lowered her voice, "your mother's husband is, it would shock a man of his habits, and feelings; and might estrange him altogether. Who knows.

Mrs. Wentworth's eyes stood full of tears. The alternations were both dreadful to think of.

"I may get away often to visit you," continued her mother, "as I have done this time, by holding out the hope of bringing back more money than I could in the time, if I stayed at home. But if he once thought you wished me to stay altogether, he would think he had found a mine of gold, and there would be no peace. He'd come to demand me every day, just to extort money. My only chance of keeping him in bounds, is to make him believe that it's by a great favour I get in myself, and that if he once appeared you would be so

much offended, that you would never see me more, nor give me a shilling as long as I lived.

"He knows he has no hold on you. So I think he will keep quiet, hoping to get something from time to time, through my having a footing in the house.

"Indeed, I fear we shall have to go back to Paris; for I am losing my London connexion through his disreputable conduct. He drinks from morning till night.

"Bringing up Jean, (meaning her son) to the law too, has cost me a hard struggle. But you must be sure to get him Mr. Wentworth's agency; so that, in time, when Mr. Wentworth is Lord Wolderland, and you have a son to be the future Lord —why, the agency will be an inheritance to Jean and his family for ever; so that I may now consider him provided for, as well as you.

"Besides, with a man like Mr. Wentworth, who never looks into an account, you say, when Jean has the agency, and you the private purse, there can be no want of money for any of us!"

Again she saw that her daughter did not look satisfied: and replied to the look:

"If it deprived Mr. Wentworth of any one comfort, I should not think of it; but the trifle that will keep your poor mother, that slaved for you when you were a helpless infant, from starving in her old age, will never be missed out of his princely fortune."

"Oh, he would give it most willingly! replied Mrs. Wentworth.

"I tell you, Félicité, it won't do!"

"But, mother, he is so fond of me!"

"All very well, that," rejoined Madame de Lyoncourt. "What man but would be fond of a beautiful young woman, for

a few months, at least—but if you want his fondness to last, you must not plague him. You don't know the world, child—men don't like, (whatever their fortune may be,) to think that they have married a whole family of beggars, and have them all to provide for."

Oh, but *he* has no such notions! He is one in ten thousand, mother!

"So they *all* seem, child, as long as they are pleased themselves. But it's not *us* they love—it is their own pleasure.

"There was your father; was there ever love more passionate than his? And I thought it would last for ever. Yet see how he abandoned me! and he knew, too, that I had not bread to eat.

"And even my present husband: did he not contrive to cover over his fierce looks and desperate thoughts, with a mask of smiles, and talk of love, and fawn—all tiger that he is! But, in whatever

shape they come, we are still their prey."

"Oh, mother, not Mr. Wentworth!"

"Well, my love, I do not say there are not exceptions; and I trust your husband is one."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Mr. Wentworth had some vague idea, that the handsome income allowed him by his father on his first marriage, in consideration of a large sum of his first wife's ready money, which was paid over to his father, had never been legally secured to him. He remembered that he had, at the time the settlements were being drawn up, shrunk from the disagreeable task of demanding that this should be legally done,

and that he preferred trusting to the understanding which subsisted between the parties. He now therefore thought it just possible, that his father, being enraged at his present marriage, might take a vexatious advantage of this, and refuse to pay the allowance.

This possibility made him rather uncomfortable; but the same indolence and want of moral courage, made him shrink from the painful task of speaking to his wife on so disagreeable a subject. He put off the evil day, therefore, as long as possible; had company at his house; suffered expenses to go on, and bills to accumulate, up to the time he usually received his half yearly income from his father's agent, Mr. Snooks. On applying to him, however, he received the disagreeable intelligence, that Lord Wolderland did not intend to continue the allowance. And that, therefore, as long as his Lordship lived, the amount of Mr. Wentworth's income would not exceed the five hundred

per annum, which his late wife had been left by her grandmother for pocket money, with a revision to her eldest daughter, on whose behalf it ought to be invested. But that, under the circumstances, the trustees might probably be induced (the principal remaining untouched,) to authorize Mr. Wentworth to expend the income, for the maintenance and education of the child.

As Mr. Wentworth was reading the last line of this agreeable letter—his wife came in to ask for money.

Though no calculator he felt surprised; he had a notion that the sum in her hands was considerable. It was, however, in the pocket of Madame de Lyoncourt on its way to London, whither that Lady was journeying to put on her chains once more, and slave for her master.

Mr. Wentworth was now, therefore, obliged to inform his wife of his father's refusal to honour his drafts. But still, shrinking from the painful duty of telling

her the whole truth, he expressed a hope, which he tried to feel, that Lord Wolderland would relent.

Consequently, though Mrs. Wentworth was exceedingly grieved at the information, she only talked of retrenchments ; but put them off from day to day, in the hope that the relenting of his Lordship would render the disagreeable exposure to the servants and the neighbourhood unnecessary.

Mr. Wentworth wrote several respectful letters to his father, requesting him to change his harsh determination ; and venturing to remind him, that the allowance had in fact been purchased, and paid for, and ought not, in equity, to be withdrawn.

His Lordship did not even reply to his son's letters; except, that through Snooks, he ordered him to be informed, that as long as he, Lord Wolderland, lived, he, Mr. Wentworth, should not receive one shilling. But that his Lordship would charge himself with the maintenance, and education of his grand-daughters on con-

dition, that they were sent to him, and held no communication in future with their father.

This, of course, was refused; and Snooks was employed to remonstrate with his Lordship; and inform him, that the debts were already so considerable, that trades-people were becoming discontented; and that some even had refused any longer to supply the commonest necessaries.

The exasperated peer, however, continued inexorable.

And now the putting off trades-people, who brought in their accounts to be settled, became an almost daily source of annoyance. Then the absence of ready money was very inconvenient. Subscriptions, charities, and wonderful bargains, must all be refused alike. Shop-keepers who took advantage of a long standing account to supply the worst articles at the highest prices, could not be changed, or even spoken to, till there was money to pay their bill. Servants who were negligent, or insolent, could not be

discharged till there was money to pay their wages. And the arrears to some were becoming considerable. Again, and again, Snooks was employed to represent matters to his Lordship; but still in vain.

At length the rumour got abroad of how matters stood between Lord Wolderland and his son. Applications became urgent, and, finally, bailiffs were put into the house.

Mr. Wentworth now thought his father, from mere regard to decency, could no longer refuse his assistance. But he received, through Mr. Snooks, for final reply, an intimation, that his Lordship did not intend to interfere. While Mr. Snooks volunteered to add from himself, that had he the command of a pound in the world, he would have been proud to have placed it at the disposal of Mr. Wentworth; but that unhappily he had not.

That very morning, however, Snooks had procured large sums on bills for the accommodation of speculators, who paid

him enormous premiums; while he intended meeting the said bills with the rents of Lord Wolderland; and paying his Lordship in his own bills, assuring him he had not yet received a shilling from the tenants. But Snooks was in the habit of rearing infant speculators, whom he *spoon fed* with small advances, until they became full grown bankrupts; upon which he roasted them alive for his own consumption, and grew fat upon them. In other words, worked the commission of bankruptcy.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

But the bailiffs were now still in the house. What was to be done!

Mr. Wentworth began to think that he must go to gaol in good earnest. He could see no alternative. Lord Wolderland seemed to be actuated by a vindictive determination, to make them suffer every extremity.

Mrs. Wentworth's numberless accomplishments, did not assist her to think ; she felt as helpless as a child.

Mr. Wentworth's perfect gentleman's education; his classics, his prizes at school, and honours at college, were equally useless

to him, when it came to the business of life, of which he had learnt nothing. He had studied algebra, no doubt, and mathematics; but still there was *one unknown quantity* which puzzled him; namely, the amount of his own debts.

Thus the minds of both were paralyzed by the present emergency, and ready to look anywhere, but within, for strength. Even Catherine, child as she was, was admitted, not indeed for consultation, but for consolation. She could help Mrs. Wentworth to weep; and offer to go to prison with darling papa, to take care of him: Mrs. Wentworth had already made the same proposition.

And in her case, this was no trifling proof of affection; for she had derived her notions of prisons from conversations she had, when a child, overheard pass between her mother's husband, and his companions in crime, respecting chained felons in their condemned cells. Catherine now asked her, in a soft whisper,—not to disturb her father's

reflections,— what sort of place a prison was; and received for reply, also whispered, her own impressions. These naturally seized upon the imagination of a child, and filled it with shapes of terror!

The two younger children soon came tapping at the door, and asking for Catherine, who they could not exist without for many minutes.

The appeal was irresistible; and the little ones were admitted, to join their helplessness to that of the group already assembled.

The library was the asylum in which they had taken refuge from those cerberuses, with heaven knows how many heads—the bailiffs.

Mr. Wentworth was leaning back in a great chair, his eyes vacantly turned towards the window, as he thought over the names and circumstances of all his friends; and remembered some good reason, why it would be either hopeless or peculiarly painful, to apply to each and all.

Mrs. Wentworth, with one hand in one of his, and Snooks' letter open in the other, was reading over some clauses of the epistle, for the second or third time. Catherine was looking up, wistfully, in her father's face, with a trembling heart, for, in consequence of the whispered information, prisons, iron doors, and heavy chains, seemed floating about between her vision and his loved features. While the two little ones were whispering to each other, the names of the flowers on a beautiful ottoman, embroidered by Mrs. Wentworth.

Suddenly a bright thought flashed across the remembrance of both Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, and the name of her half brother was pronounced by both, at nearly the same instant. He was by this time, established in an solicitor's office in the neighbourhood; and as he must, they thought, being in such a school, understand business; he could, at least, advise what was best to be done.

A messenger was despatched accordingly.

"I am sure," said Mrs. Wentworth, "Jean ought to do everything in his power, to make himself useful to you; for it was, you know, the promise of your agency, which obtained him his situation in the Messrs. Higgin's office; and with a contract to take him into partnership, without the payment of any money, as soon as he shall be old enough; so valuable, it seems, do they consider the connection, as they call it."

"It is fortunate that my promises are worth so much," observed Mr. Wentworth, with a faint smile, "as I happen to have little else to give at present. And your brother can, certainly, if he will be good enough to take the trouble, be of great use to me, in looking over this heap of papers; for I have put it off from one cause or another for so long, that things have accumulated; till, in my present state of mind, with all this disagreeable affair going on, I am really incapable of the task!" Then, as if rather ashamed of the

expression, he subjoined, with the manner of one who had made a discovery: "I believe early habits are not easily shaken off; for I can remember as a lad, that my father never would make me any stated allowance; but had my college bills &c. sent in to him—so that I, in fact, never had occasion to look over an account. My father used to storm about the amount, I know. But I seldom knew even what that amount was; for I had got the notion, that he would find fault at any rate. So I indolently made up my mind, that it was not worth while to try to be careful. Which is a bad habit to get into," he added, just as Mr. Jean Lyoncourt was announced.

On the situation of affairs being hastily communicated to this sprig of the law, he expressed the cheering opinion, that there could be no difficulty, (he imagined), in raising money. His voice, however, was in the open key, evincing no caution about being overheard; which, together with the

plain mention of certain technical terms, such as *writ*, *execution*, sheriffs' officers, &c.; and worse than all, the horrible, unfeeling question: "Is the execution against the goods, or the *body?*" was very grating to the unpractised ears of Mr. Wentworth. He winced under the infliction, as if the sound of each word had been the thrust of a small sword.

All the accounts were placed in Jean de Lyoncourt's hands; together with the settlements of Mr. Wentworth's first marriage; his first wife's grandmother's will, &c., &c., in short, every family document that could be found; for without these the young lawyer said he could not judge what sort of security Mr. Wentworth could offer.

It was a curious spectacle to behold this sharp-nosed, keen-eyed lad of about eighteen setting himself coolly down to a table encumbered with papers and parchments, to take upon himself to arrange the affairs of a man of five-and-thirty; the father of an encircling family, tall,

portly, handsome, and intelligent looking; but as unfit to conduct business as his own youngest child. Not that he wanted ability —but merely, that he was not accustomed to use his powers.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LEAVING the solicitor's clerk in possession of the library, the family party removed to the drawing-room, where the luxury and splendour of every appointment seemed to Mr. Wentworth, (though he did not reflect why), more prominent than usual.

The anticipated facility of raising money had cheered the spirits of Mrs. Wentworth. She made the children dance, while she played for them—for she knew her hus-

band's love of pleasing impressions—while the little ones, no longer awed by solemn looks, ran and laughed; and soon became as joyous as usual.

"You look like yourself again, dearest!" she said, giving one hand to Mr. Wentworth, while she continued to play the piano with the other, not to interrupt the merriment of his darlings, which she saw he was contemplating with a gratified smile. "And what signifies," she added, a slight temporary inconvenience after all! It can not last for ever you know."

Tea had been sent in; a cup ordered to the library, and the two younger children indulged with cakes and kisses, and sent to bed; when Jean Lyoncourt, having had a couple of hours to examine the principal papers, at last made his appearance. His countenance was rather portentous. He was requested to take a seat, and the silence became profound, that the voice of the oracle might be heard.

The first question which, with all due

gravity, this juvenile man of business put to Mr. Wentworth was, had he read over his marriage settlement; alluding to that of his first marriage, there was no other,) prior to signing it.

Poor Mr. Wentworth looked very foolish, and answered with the hesitation of a school boy, who had neglected to learn his lesson:

"Not very carefully, I must confess!"

"Whoever drew it up," said our young attorney, "deserves to be struck off the rolls. It is the most slovenly worded document I ever read.

"In the first place, though a considerable sum of your late *lady's* ready money, was handed over to Lord Wolderland, to relieve the estate of former encumbrances, there is no mention made of the income or allowance, in consideration thereof, to be paid to you during his Lordship's life."

"I am aware of that," interrupted Mr. Wentworth, glad to show that he knew

anything; though it was only that morning, that Snooks's letter had made him quite certain of the disagreeable fact.

"In the next place," continued Jean Lyoncourt, "there is no reference made to a family document, which I see, by the date, has existed for some generations, and which, by the passages cited, was evidently intended to render the widow of *any* Lord Wolderland, or of *any* elder son of *any* Lord Wolderland, independent of a special settlement, by securing to such widow the splendid jointure of eight thousand per annum; even should the husband die in the lifetime of his father. And also to bar the claim of any widow to thirds, which would be a still larger sum. But, by mere careless wording, (as it would appear,) the right of the widow to receive this jointure, is made contingent upon her having a son. The words are, you see," and he spread out the parchment on a table, pointed to the line, and read as follows:

"'*The mother of any Lord Wolderland, or of any son who is heir to that earldom, though his grandfather should be still living, shall, on becoming a widow, receive for her natural life, &c.*' Had your first *lady* survived you, without having a son, a bill in chancery would, I make no doubt, have relieved her; but the case of your present *lady* is very different; were she to survive you, without having a son, the trustees might, and from the animosity shown by his Lordship, probably would avail themselves of the quibble, and refuse to pay her a shilling. And as she brought no fortune, she would no doubt have to abide by the literal wording of the document; while your former settlement being in existence, prior to her becoming your wife, it bars her the benefit of common law."

"It was not in my power to make a second settlement," again interrupted Mr. Wentworth. "Short as was the time, I consulted a lawyer, when on my way to

engage the services of our vicar. But the jointure I considered secure to any widow of mine. And the children of my former marriage being amply provided for, I calculated that, in coming into possession of my property, I should with ease, out of an income of fifty thousand per. annum, be able to save handsome fortunes for the children of my second marriage—that is to say, younger children; for you are of course aware, that should there be a son, he must inherit the titles and estates, despite the displeasure of my father. In that case, however, I take it that Lord Wolderland would be so much gratified by the birth of a grandson, that he would pardon my having preferred my own choice to his; and become reconciled."

"That is all very well, sir," rejoined the young sage of the quill, "should you either survive his Lordship, or leave a son. But on the other hand, suppose—(we lawyers always look to contingencies, you know,) suppose, then, that you have

several daughters, by your present wife, but no son, and then—his Lordship being still living—(remark, you fall, we'll say, from your horse, and break your neck!"

"How can you, Jean!" exclaimed his sister.

"Your wife," here pursued the lawyer, "and her children, (always supposing them girls,) would be in a most hellpess condition: they would not have one shilling in the world, either in possession or reversion: for the whole large sum charged to the estates, and which, by the by, is all with which they are chargeable, is, as you know, already secured to the children of your former marriage; the eldest of whom, (this young lady, I presume,) what may be the young lady's name?"

"Catherine."

"Miss Catherine, then, in that case, inherits also the unentailed portion of the estates."

"Yes," observed Mr. Wentworth, "this possible division of the estate, is what

makes my father so exceedingly anxious respecting the birth of a grandson."

"The five hundred per annum, too," continued the lawyer, "under your late *lady's* grandmother's testament, will become, I perceive, the sole and uncontrolled property of Miss Catherine, as soon as she shall attain the age of one and twenty."

"Well, I must take care not to break my neck," said Mr. Wentworth, almost impatiently.

Catherine had whispered once or twice—

"What is he saying about me, papa? surely if it is mine, can't I give it to you?"

"My darling," replied her father, at last, "should your grandpapa be still alive when you are one and twenty, I am not much afraid, that you will deprive your poor mama and myself of the miserable crust, my father's cruelty—I must call it so—cannot reach."

Catherine was more mystified than enlightened by this speech. Nor was she

more enlightened, on hearing Jean Lyoncourt reply:

"But Miss Catherine may marry a man who is not disposed to waive her rights."

Catherine now whispered Mrs. Wentworth:

"I'm not old enough to be married, am I?"

"But," continued our solicitor, growing important, in proportion as he perceived the kind of man he had to deal with, "to come to matters which are more pressing at the present moment. I see greater difficulties in the way of procuring money, than I at first imagined. You are, you see, so completely tied up by your settlements, that notwithstanding the large property you *may* one day possess."

"*May*!" interrupted Mr. Wentworth sharply, "I must if I live!"

"That is what I mean," resumed the lawyer, "you cannot, however, while Lord Wolderland lives, give security for sixpence;

as being merely tenant for life, should you die before his lordship—"

"For heaven's sake, Jean, don't be always killing Mr. Wentworth!" exclaimed the fond wife.

Catherine, on hearing this remonstrance, threw her arms round her father's neck, and looked over her shoulder at the clerk with a threatening aspect.

"Should you die before Lord Wolderland," continued the latter, unmoved, "no note or bond of yours would be worth one farthing! Were the young ladies, indeed, of age, they could give available security on their charge; but it is a long time to look forward to. Why even Miss Catherine—What age may Miss Catherine be?"

"Nearly thirteen."

"Well, you see, there are eight years to run."

"I trust," interrupted Mr. Wentworth, with fervour, "I shall never have occasion to rob my children. I had rather go to

gaol, and wait there the tender mercies of my father."

"Or his lordship's demise," rejoined the sprig of the law, "but Lord Wolderland may live many years: he is—what age may his lordship be?"

"About fifty-seven."

"Then his life is worth twenty years' purchase," continued the lawyer. "There are means—Let me see—your age is?"

"Thirty-five."

"Then your life is worth—" and he considered for a while, then added, "I am, however, you know, only a clerk—at present. I must consult with the Messrs. Higgins. But, on a fair calculation of the chances, with, of course, a sacrifice, adequate to the risk; I should think it was possible to raise some money. It takes time no doubt."

"But, in the mean time, Jean," continued Mrs. Wenthworth, anxiously, "what is to be done with those abominable people that are in the house?"

"The sheriff's officers, do you mean? Why they had better proceed to make out the inventories—"

"Inventories!" she repeated, "for what?"

"I feel persuaded," replied the grave authority, "that the Messrs. Higgins will recommend a sale of the furniture."

"A sale of the furniture!" cried Mrs. Wentworth, in horror and amazement, surveying the splendour around her.

"That would be disagreeable in the extreme," observed Mr. Wentworth, looking very grave.

"I don't see how it is to be avoided, now;" observed the man of business. "You can't get people, you see, who have possession, to listen to terms. Besides, if these were paid to-morrow, you'd only have others in, as long as there were goods to look to, with detainer on detainer, running up ruinous expenses. So that there is nothing for it, I should say, decidedly! but to let all these things go," (and he cast an envious

eye around), "and take a small, furnished house—The creditors might, to be sure, proceed against the person then—But that's vexatious, and unprofitable—Unless, indeed, there were any hopes that Lord Wolderland would come forward—So that where there are no effects, people may be induced, (on advantageous terms, I mean), to give time to a man of Mr. Wentworth's prospects."

"Small, furnished house!" repeated Mr. Wentworth; his cheeks burning. "A strange position," he added, haughtily, "for the only son of a peer; and heir to estates of fifty-thousand a-year. He must not possess a chair, or table of his own!"

"And pray, must I job my carriage too?"

"If," replied the pettifogging little clerk, hesitating slightly; but inwardly not sorry to mortify the *grandee* husband of his fine Lady sister, whose promotion he envied —"If you should not judge it more pru-

dent to dispense entirely with such expensive luxuries."

Mr. Wentworth remained silent; but became thoughtful, and almost stern-looking.

"It is quite dreadful to think of selling all these magnificent things!" said Mrs. Wentworth, with tears in her eyes. "And my beautiful ottoman that I embroidered myself. They shan't have that I am sure!"

"It would look better not to touch anything," replied her brother aside, in a mumbling tone.

"And my wax flowers that I made myself?" she continued.

"Yes! yes!" he repeated, impatiently.

"And my screens that I japanned myself!"

"All! all!" he said, with decision. Taking the said screens from off the chimney-piece, near which he stood, and laying them, side by side, on a table, by way of commencing operations.

This was too much for the nerves of Mrs. Wentworth. She gave way to sobs, and could say no more.

"If matters should come to such extremities, I should certainly not choose to part with my books," said Mr. Wentworth.

"If you wish them bought in; we must see what can be done. Are they of much value?"

"Considerable."

Jean was now dismissed, to consult with the Messrs. Higgins, and with Snooks, to see if it were not possible to ward off such a catastrophe. For Mr. Wentworth had declared, with great decision, that he would not consent to so disagreeable a step without an imperative necessity.

"You will see I am right, however," persisted the subordinate, doggedly; as he took his departure; having, first, rolled up the family papers, and slipped them into his green bag; eyeing Mr. Wentworth the while; and prepared, had he objected, to

reply, that he could not consult the Messrs. Higgins without the documents. But Mr. Wentworth, simple-hearted man, was looking at nothing, and took no notice.

Nothing like getting possession of deeds, thought this promising youth, as he jogged along the road to ———, his young ideas beginning to shoot in every possible roguish direction, till his brain was almost bewildered by the long perspective of possible future harvest to be reaped in the extensive field thus opened before him.

He saw the helplessness of those with whom he had to deal. He saw that the unlimited confidence, which was likely to be placed in him, would give him unlimited power; the only thing that puzzled him was, how to turn such good luck to sufficient account! He felt, however, rather ashamed of being so green a rogue as to be puzzled, and excused himself, to himself, by saying:

"It's come upon me by surprise. But I'm sure to see my way as I go along."

Poor Catherine had watched every one's face; her large, anxious eyes turning towards whoever spoke, trying to understand what it was all about; but she could only make out that her darling papa was in great danger of being sent to prison, because grandpapa was angry with him. So when Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth went to their room, she crept away to bed, crying ready to break her heart. And unattended, for the servants were all in confusion; and had collected in knots to conjecture, look wise, whisper, and wonder who was to pay their wages.

CHAPTER XL.

THE following morning, everything about the house had a most comfortless air.

The Messrs. Higgins had declared that a sale could not be avoided. Jean Lyoncourt had returned twice with the same answer.

The servants, one and all, looked either saucy or sulky. A kettle appeared instead of the urn at breakfast, and even that did not boil, though the man who brought it in

declared it did. The family, each time they attempted to pass from room to room, encountered men with long books and pencils in their hands, examining and noting down the furniture. While the entrance-hall was filled with the lesser tradespeople, demanding payment of their accounts, and getting into altercations with servants, who refused to deliver their bills lest it should interfere with the payment of their wages.

Mr. Wentworth, who shrunk with morbid sensitiveness from all that was painful, could not bear this. He thought of Lyme Regis. The first happy weeks of his marriage had been spent there. The place seemed now, to his fancy, as contrasted with the annoyances of the present moment, a perfect paradise. He resolved to set out for Lyme Regis immediately. He had the mortification, however, of being obliged to cram himself and family into rattling hack chaises; for the use of his own carriages were peremptorily refused him.

At Lyme Regis, our party found the

pretty cottage residence they had before occupied, to be let furnished, and took it by the month, without reference to the yearly rent, being much higher than their present income entitled them to pay.

Here, a few hours after their arrival, dinner being over, and the children playing about, delighted, as children always are, with novelty; Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth sat together on the sofa beside a blazing fire, reminded by all around them, of the early days of their honey-moon; and moralizing in wonderfully good spirits, on riches, being after all — by no means indispensable to happiness.

"At any rate, they cannot take you away from me!" said the affectionate husband. For which kind remark, his wife's beautiful eyes gave him a grateful look, worth all the chairs and tables he had lost.

CHAPTER XLI.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Wentworth, "we have not seen more of that fine lad Adrian. This place reminds me of him. He must think me, I fear, negligent and unkind, to pay him so little attention, after the melancholy event which occurred here. I have been always intending to invite him again, to come and stay with us for a while. We did so, certainly, when we first went to Greenwood; but his loss, you remem-

ber, was too recent, the house being full of company. And since then, really our affairs have been in such confusion, that I have put off renewing the invitation from time to time, hoping things might mend. And now we have no longer a home worth inviting him to! A mere furnished house in a small watering place. No society—no shooting—no country amusements—nothing but the melancholy associations connected with the loss of his poor mother. As it has been left so long, I shall leave it now, I think, a little longer, and see how things go on."

Things did not mend, however; for in the course of time the high rent, and absence of management, caused new difficulties; which, though on a smaller scale, were still inconveniently large, in proportion to the restricted means of the parties. So that Jean Lyoncourt was frequently sent for to make the best arrangements he could, (with the aid of the Messrs. Higgins), to prevent Mr. Wentworth's being

actually sent to goal, for such sums as fifty, or a hundred pounds. While he, poor man, living quietly without horses, without carriages, with comparatively few servants, and little or no society, believed himself to be the most wonderful example of economy, and oppressed virtue in existence. And to do him justice, he was noble-minded, patient, and kind. His only faults were indolence, and want of knowledge of the world.

At last, driven to desperation by the obdurate refusals of his father to grant the slightest assistance, he consented to a step, which the Messrs. Higgins, in secret agreement with Snooks, had all along strongly recommended; namely, to file a bill in Chancery against his father, for the recovery of the allowance, which they argued, had been actually purchased; if not according to law, according to equity; with the ready money of his late wife.

Snooks chuckled, and had an extra glass of wine the day the bill was filed. The seed is in

the ground, now, he thought. And these words he muttered over to himself the next day in church, instead of the responses to the Litany, so much was his mind absorbed by the thoughts of the chancery suit. But he was a saint, and could not miss sending his body to church, whether his mind was prepared to accompany it or not. Then, with consistent piety, he prayed that the early and the later rain might fall on his endeavours, alias knavish plots, and make them fruitful.

At one time Mr. Wentworth had serious thoughts of taking a lower rented house, and discharging a servant or two. But then the Messrs. Higgins always assured him, that his case would be decided the very next term; and that he would undoubtedly gain his cause. So that he postponed taking those disagreeable measures, hoping that they might prove unnecessary.

In the meantime a part of his small income went to pay certain expenses connected

with the law-suit, such as stamps, &c., &c., which the Messrs. Higgins said, must else have been ready money out of their pockets. As for their own bill of costs, they should not think of pressing Mr. Wentworth for that at present.

Snooks was better off; for being the lawyer on Lord Wolderland's side, he was making a good thing of it. His bills of cost were regularly stopped by himself out of his Lordship's rents; and that to an amount that would have sufficed to have made his Lordship's son comfortable. But the attorneys on both sides understood each other, and were playing nicely into each other's hands; like partners at whist, when both have a suit they can trump, and lead alternately. One may take up the cards; but both gain by the *tricks!*

An event too was now approaching which, so far from favouring retrenchment, must rather occasion additional expense. Mrs. Wentworth, after similar hopes having frequently ended in disappointment, was now

about to present her husband with an addition to his family.

Mr. Wentworth, also, was sanguine in his hopes, that should the expected stranger prove a boy, Lord Wolderland would be reconciled, pay his debts, restore the allowance, and make all things comfortable in future. This, therefore, was not the time to think of carrying economy to excess. And, above all things, his wife must not allow her mind to be disturbed.

CHAPTER XLII.

MADAME de Lyoncourt came to Lyme Cottage, to be with her daughter on the important occasion.

Great, however, was the disappointment; for though the infant was a boy, it was born dead.

The recovery of Mrs. Wentworth was delayed, almost endangered, by the fretfulness of Madame de Lyoncourt, who, already out of humour at the change of establishment, did nothing but complain.

"What a thousand pities it is to be sure," she repeated for the thousandth time. "Why, the difference it would make to you—according to what Jean tells me—if anything were to happen to Mr. Wentworth!

"It is not only the magnificent jointure of eight thousand a-year, but then to be the mother and guardian of a minor, who was to have fifty thousand a-year! It would give you so many privileges. And Mr. Wentworth is so fond of you, he would, of course, appoint you guardian. So that once the old Lord was dead, you would have the use of Wolderland Castle, and the grounds, and the gardens, instead of being without a roof to shelter you, and trampled upon, and despised, and cruelly used beside, as you would be by the old Lord—whom, you know, hates you—if you were to be left a widow in his lifetime, and had no son to give you consequence, and influence, and everything!"

"Oh, mother! mother! don't talk so!"

murmured poor Mrs. Wentworth, her pale cheek on her pillow. "If I should ever have the misfortune to survive dear, good Mr. Wentworth, I should not care what became of me."

"Nonsense, my dear! It's all very well to love your husband! And I don't dispute, but you are blest with a kind one, who deserves your affection. But we are all mortal; and I should be glad to know what consolation it would be to you, if you were ever so broken-hearted, to starve into the bargain?

"Why, if such a misfortune were to happen, you could not so much as put on mourning! He has not the power, Jean tells me, to leave you the price of a widow's cap."

"Poor, dear Mr. Wentworth!" again murmured the invalid; "you all seem intent on killing him! Why should he die before his father?"

"There is no reason why, certainly! But people must look to every contingency,

where subsistence is at stake. As for me, I am earning next to nothing now. I should have no home to offer you—two rooms, where that man and his ruffianly companions could walk in when they pleased, would be no place for you."

Mrs. Wentworth shuddered.

"And you would not like," continued her mother, "to become a governess again, I should think."

Mrs. Wentworth felt as if a bottomless pit had yawned beneath her bed, and that it was sinking with her, down, down, down, to the earth's centre, and a film passed over her eyes.

"As for that man," continued Madame de Lyoncourt, meaning her own husband, "he does worse than nothing. He drinks incessantly—though where he gets the money is more than I can tell—he has taken to dark courses again, I suspect, since we've been back from Paris," she added, lowering her voice. "Then, as for Jean, he's too fond of himself: I don't expect he

would do much for you. The poor children, to be sure, are fond enough of you; but they have no power as yet; and they would be taken away to Wolderland Castle, and taught to despise you, and made to forget you, long before they had."

This picture was too much for Mrs. Wentworth in her weak state: she gave way to hysterical sobbing, which alarmed her mother.

"Don't, Félicité, my dear, don't! It is not the more likely to happen for my talk. And you know how much Mr. Wentworth himself wishes to have a son. As well to make his mind easy as to your future provision, as to bring about a reconciliation with his father, which would put an end to all your present difficulties—look how important that would be, for Jean tells me, that Mr. Wentworth may be arrested any day, and that once he is lodged in gaol, he has no chance of

getting out again, as long as his father lives."

"Well, mother, I am sure I would have a son if I could. But my head aches so; you must not speak any more now—indeed you must not, or you will kill me!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

TERM after term passed, and the chancery suit still went on.

Next term, however, it will certainly be concluded, for the Messrs. Higgins say so, and they ought to know.

In the mean time, the household of Mr. Wentworth continues to present that mixture of waste and penury, which is seen where there exists a great desire to econo-

mise, without any knowledge of management. Each time the small income was received, there was, for a short time, a seeming abundance. Then would come alternations of comparative want.

All this fell with peculiar weight on the children. For Mrs. Wentworth's devotion to her husband, caused her to make great efforts to maintain the appearance of comfort immediately around him. Knowing, too, that his poverty was occasioned by his marriage with herself, there mingled, possibly with her feeling, an almost unconscious fear that he might come to love her less, as the source of his discomforts, were they too numerous. She carefully concealed, therefore, as far as she possibly could, everything likely to annoy him.

In these concealments, the children were made her confidants. They must try to be as saving as possible in everything. But they must not tell darling papa that they wanted anything, it would make him so unhappy.

The poor children were thus led, in the fervour of their affection for their father, to inflict upon themselves unavailing privations, of which he knew nothing, and of which, often, even Mrs. Wentworth knew but little: for she loved them dearly, and would not willingly have injured them. But once they caught the idea, they carried it out, poor things, of their own accord, with childhood's notions of the importance of trifles; while she was not aware that their health was seriously at stake, when their meals were irregular or insufficient; or when, by way of compensation, she afterwards gave them some untimely or unwholesome indulgence. Nor did she apprehend real danger, when the necessary changes to warmer clothing for winter were neglected; and the little money that could be afforded, spent in new bonnets or new sashes, that darling papa might be pleased by seeing the children look nice. She was anxious, also, to bestow on them,

all her own accomplishments, that their father might be gratified by seeing them excel; and was happy to think that this she could do herself without expense. But unfortunately, with the best intentions, she carried things to excess, and still not aware that health was at stake, would, on fine summer days, confine them for many hours together, by lessons too much prolonged, to close, unventilated rooms, or in winter, to rooms cold or damp, from economy in firing.

The result was, that the health of the two younger children was so much injured, that when they were attacked by hooping cough they had not strength to bear up against the complaint, and both died in one week. Catherine alone escaped; for being some years older than her sisters, when her own mother died, she was a good deal stronger. Being more advanced in all her studies, too, Mrs. Wentworth did not think it necessary to take so much pains with

her, she was often left, therefore, being the most companionable, to amuse her father, when the poor little ones were worked too hard in the school-room.

This companionship, with a mind generous and romantic in its sense of honor, was calculated to induce great elevation of sentiment. Then there was an indulgent fondness in the manner, the eye, the voice of her father, and, on every occasion that called for such a ready overflow of considerate pity for all suffering, that excited and called forth every sympathy of her young heart; and taught it to love with a tenderness, a devotion, an energy that were quite beautiful.

For weeks after the death of the children, there was not a word spoken in the house above a whisper. The grief of Mr. Wentworth was little short of despair; and alarmed Mrs. Wentworth so much, lest it should become a permanent melancholy, that her efforts to conceal from him everything painful were now redoubled. And

in all this she was assisted by poor Catherine, with all the self-immolating zeal of affection and inexperience!

On the first introduction of Jean Lyoncourt, when family affairs were so fully discussed; child as Catherine then was, the frequent mention of her own name, coupled in some way with the safety and comfort of her father had, on that account, left an impression sufficiently strong to induce her, whenever anything connected with such subjects was talked of in her presence, to ask questions; still, for a time, perhaps, without being much the wiser for the answers she received. The first idea, however, which she caught distinctly, was, that she had, or was to have power! A power to benefit and protect her dear father. Of this idea, she never afterwards lost sight. As she grew older, she gradually arrived at a tolerable notion of how all the family matters stood. Distorted, no doubt, in some material points, by the interested views of those from whom she derived her

information. She also acquired, for a young lady, a marvellous knowledge of law terms, and the law; but it was the law, such as her instructor, Jean Lyoncourt, thought fit to lay it down.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE task of concealing all that was disagreeable from Mr. Wentworth, was daily becoming more arduous.

Applications for bills, which there was no money to pay, were becoming urgent. But every account sent in, was now regularly anticipated by Mrs. Wentworth.

"What is the use," she argued, "of showing them to papa, when we know he has not a shilling to pay them with. We

must try to keep things quiet till this tiresome Chancery suit is decided."

"If he were to repent the day he married me," she thought, "I could hardly blame him! But he has never hinted such a thing—he would not—he knows that would cut me to the heart!"

From time to time the said demands appeared in the form of writs, threatening the person of Mr. Wentworth, to the inexpressible terror of his wife and daughter. Whenever this occurred, Jean Lyoncourt was, of course, sent for. He had, by this time become a most important and indispensable personage. But, since the death of the children, his visits, like all other disagreeable things, were, as often as possible, concealed from Mr. Wentworth, because his very face and name had become associated with annoyance.

"It is very easy for you and me, love," Mrs. Wentworth would say to Catherine, "we have only to speak to the people, and try and persuade Jean to put them off.

But it is your poor, dear papa, who would have to go to a horrid prison, so that while we can manage to keep things from him, it would be cruel to fill his mind with such an apprehension.

"Jean cannot doubt your promises! he knows your word is as good as any bond! though you are not of age. So do go, dear, and speak to him in the back parlour, while I try and keep your papa from coming out of the breakfast room, as long as those people are in the house. There would be no use in my going; I have nothing to promise any one!

"And you know the Messrs Higgins said, the suit would be decided next term. So put Jean in mind of that, for it ought to make people civil. Surely, they can wait till then!"

Thus was poor Catherine already compelled to become quite a premature woman of business. How did she long, on such occasions, to be of age! She had heard it talked over, again and again, between

Jean and Mrs. Wentworth; how that by the death of her two poor sisters, she was now entitled to their fortunes, in addition to her own; and that by there being still no son born, she would, in all probability, inherit also the unentailed estates. But of what use was it all, she thought, when she could not now command one shilling? Nor, for years to come, so much as give an available security (as Jean called it,) to prevent her dear papa going to gaol.

When this worst of dangers, in poor Catherine's estimation, threatened, she would willingly have given up all her fortune, for the fifty or the hundred pounds wanted at the moment. Her promises, indeed, were unbounded; but Jean Lyoncourt took great pains to convince her that, in law, they were not worth one farthing. They must, however, have been worth something out of law, in his opinion; for, (so he said, at least,) upon the strength of those valueless promises, from confidence in Miss Catherine's honour

he gave, on more than one occasion, his own personal security, to save Mr. Wentworth from going to gaol. On pronouncing the word *personal*, he invariably made an appeal to the chimney glass, and surveyed the said security from head to foot, with an air of great self-importance, from which might fairly be inferred, that he was perfectly satisfied with the same.

Thus, to the infinite relief of Mrs. Wentworth, and of Catherine, who was still a perfect child in her terror of bailiffs; he frequently sent away ill-looking men, who were waiting outside the door, with writs in their pockets. And all this he managed, without allowing poor, dear Mr. Wentworth's mind to be distressed, by knowing anything about the matter.

"Jean is certainly useful, though he is often disagreeable enough," remarked Mrs. Wentworth.

"Oh, he is our best, our only friend!" replied Catherine. For if the ill-looking men were not always real bailiffs, Catherine

thought they were, and was equally grateful.

In these conferences, Jean dwelt much on the necessity for secresy; though on other grounds from those of Mrs. Wentworth, reminding Catherine and his sister, how often Mr. Wentworth had declared, that he would sooner go to gaol than rob his child.

"Now if he were to forbid Miss Catherine to promise payment," continued Jean, "people would naturally say he had no business to spare his own child, and take from them: so they would send him to prison at once, without mercy. The only way Miss Catherine can stand between her papa and a gaol is, by not letting him suspect what she is going to do, until it is done."

And here he would glance again at the chimney glass, and wink knowingly over his shoulder, at his representative and sole confidant.

Occasionally, at the conclusion of one

of these serious affairs, which Jean had taken care should occupy hours, before the bailiffs could be got rid of, he would complain of fatigue and hunger, just as dinner was coming on the table, and propose remaining, and making it appear to Mr. Wentworth, that he had but that moment arrived, to pay a mere friendly visit.

When deception was supposed to be necessary to Mr. Wentworth's comfort, it was always Mrs. Wentworth who told any lie required; which, being to spare her husband pain, she considered no harm. Indeed, this appeared to be the only way in which she could be useful; for Jean would tell her, with brotherly affection and politeness, which, in general, are almost as gentle and exquisite, in brothers as in husbands, to "hold her tongue," to "go along, and keep Mr. Wentworth out of the way" Who was going to listen to her? she had no security to give or to promise! Miss Catherine was the only person who had a right to speak.

Poor Catherine, who had been taught to respect truth, was distressed beyond measure; she would not have told the lie herself for all the world, and the being obliged, as she thought she was, to hear it told, and sanction it by her silence, gave her extreme pain, and always caused her to blush deeply.

Her father was sometimes startled by those blushes. And also, not being in the secret, of the extraordinary causes for gratitude to Jean Lyoncourt, on the days he would stay to dinner in the manner described; Mr. Wentworth sometimes felt slightly surprised at the anxiety for his comfort, yet want of perfect self-possession in her demeanour towards him evinced by Catherine. (She was now between seventeen and eighteen). There was also a certain lisping, dandified air on the part of young Lyoncourt; on throwing off, for the evening, the man of business, which was decidedly distasteful to Mr. Wentworth's nice perception on those points. Then he had

observed in his daughter, of late, an unevenness of spirits, accompanied by a restlessness of manner, which he could not comprehend; and which had even seemed to be, in some way, connected with the visits of Jean Lyoncourt.

"But no," he answered, .to his own former thoughts; "there can not be the slightest danger. She has too much good taste—too much delicacy—too exquisite a perception of all that is great and noble, and worthy in sentiment and feeling, to tolerate—except from kindness to her stepmother—a half-bred, vulgar minded, simpering fop like that; with nothing but his new kid gloves to recommend him!"

CHAPTER XLV.

THE scene is the burying-ground of Lyme Regis. The hour is early dawn.

The sun, just beginning to appear above the brow of the cliff, is sending his slanting rays along the dewy grass between the tombstones, which, as they cast their lengthened shadows, seemed to say: "The dead, who now lie at our feet, once stood erect as we; and crowded gay assemblies, as we crowd this churchyard."

Leaning on the iron rail, which defends

one of the graves from passing feet, stands a young man of about two, or three-and-twenty. His figure tall, and graceful. His countenance noble, and full of benignity. The brow remarkably fine. A surprised and gratified smile lightened the seriousness of his expression as he looked down on some fresh flowers, all sparkling with dew; strewn, evidently but the moment before, on that grave which, after an absence of years, he had just arrived on the spot to visit.

He raised his thoughtful gaze toward the bright clear heavens. The faultless features, their sublime expression, the attitude, all became a study for a painter.

"I hope," he thought, "I never wilfully gave her pain!"

And complete was the acquittal his conscience was able to pronounce; and soothing the feelings which accompanied such acquittal. Memory next wandered back to earliest childhood, and occasions presented themselves, on which he had approached the edge of a precipice, or bank of a river, and

that his fond mother had called to him in alarm; and he wished he had not caused her that alarm, or instances when he had been a few moments later than usual in returning from some wild wood ramble; and that his dear mother had told him she had been anxious about him; and, with a fruitless sigh, wished he had been more punctual. The sigh was audible to himself; for the faint murmur of the waves, as they beat at regular intervals against the distant foot of the cliff, was the only interruption to the stillness of the hour and place. When, quite close to him, arising, seemingly from the very tombstone at his feet, there breathed a voice, as of one thinking aloud—for it was soft as the whisperings of the Eolian lyre when the summer breeze scarcely suffices to awake its tones—It said—mysteriously responding to the thoughts which had passed in silence through his own mind—

"Yes! we should be kind, considerate, and gentle to every being that is mortal,

lest we should survive that being, and remorse add bitterness to sorrow!"

With a beating heart and a feeling of almost superstitious awe, he gazed on the solid stone, whence, word after word, the soft murmurings arose. He could not have been more amazed, had the stone itself heaved upward, and the being who seemed to address him, walked forth. When the voice ceased, he looked all round him; but there was no living creature to be seen. Yet, from the elevated position occupied by the burying ground, he commanded, where he stood, the horizon on every side. While he remained thus, transfixed by astonishment, a gentle sigh seemed wafted past him, as it blended with the atmosphere. He started! made one mechanical step in the direction whence the sound came; and now beheld, hitherto concealed from his view only by the intervening head stone of the very tomb at which he stood, a young girl, kneeling near two little graves, that lay side beside each other,

surrounded by a dwarf hedge of roses, and strewn with fresh, dewy flowers, like those which had surprised him on that of his mother.

The being before him was perfectly beautiful. The soft, clear, uplifted eyes; the bright tear, glistening on the fair cheek, like dew on the blush of the rose; the exquisitely formed lips, parted in silent prayer; the innocent trustfulness of expression; the childish artlesnesss of attitude; the little hands clasped and raised, like those of the infant Samuel, while the luxuriant hair hung in a wavy veil, on either side, displaying the delicate throat.

The lovely vision was thus seen, but for a moment: for, as the soft, beseeching eyes turned towards him, at the sound of the one step he had taken forward, he felt himself an intruder, and retired again instantly.

"What," he thought, as he walked along the brow of the cliff. "What are

the boasted efforts of art, to personify the poetry of beauty; what the paintings, the sculptures, all which I have been traversing Europe to see, compared with this!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

In the reflections made at the grave of his mother, we recognise the gentle heart and noble mind of Adrian, although his person may have outgrown our memory.

From the six years which have passed since we last beheld him, he has derived perfection in manly beauty; and from his studies and his travels during that period, all the improvement in taste, variety of knowledge, and grace of manner, that could have been desired. Yet he has re-

turned, the same pure character he was when he set out. Nor did he dream of taking credit to himself, for not having joined in the follies, or the vices he had seen. They all appeared to him revolting or ridiculous, and so unlike the objects he had been habituated to admire, and the sources from which he had been accustomed to derive his happiness, that he must have done violence to his inclinations, as well as to his convictions, ere he could have approved of, or practised such.

As he continued his walk along the edge of the cliff, towards the flight of stone steps, which led down into the village, he was amazingly puzzled to make out, not only who that lovely young creature could be—but why she should have expressed the very thoughts that were passing in his mind at the moment—why she should have scattered a pious offering on the grave of his mother, (for, of course, both the voice and the flowers must be ascribed to her.)

What then, he thought, could be the bond of secret sympathy, which had occasioned these coincidences?

That of a common nature under similar circumstances, he supposed; for was not she too a mourner.

And as he came to this conclusion, he arrived also at the head of the steps, which he ran down hastily, recollecting that he ought to reach the town of ——— at, or about the hour which Lord Wolderland had appointed for his carriage to meet him there.

No sooner had Adrain stepped into a post-chaise, than leaning back in the corner, and folding his arms on his breast, he forgot even the beautiful vision of the morning, in absorbing recollections of a parent he had loved with no common affection.

How fully could he now appreciate the infinite pains she had bestowed on his early years. How delightful had she rendered a period, which, to many children, is one of premature, and most unnecessary sorrow.

As a child he had thought his tasks short; and, with a ramble in view, had often not been sorry. But he now perceived, that the most valuable portion of his teaching had been always going on; for that it had been during his hours of recreation, that circumstances, suited to the comprehension of a child, were constantly occurring, from which his mother had drawn her illustrations of great principles. How distinctly could he now trace the connection between the simplest of these illustrations, and the power he at present felt, of distinguishing right from wrong, on the most important events of life in which the same principles were involved.

Now, too, that he possessed the judgment of a man, he could perceive the decided superiority of the school she had selected, of the character of him she had appointed his guardian; the infinite advantages of the care she had taken of his health, and of the habits she had given him on those points. Then, how wise, he thought, was the precaution of having him

fully instructed on all the great questions which might arise in the course of the political career for which she destined him. How entirely, he thought, did he owe to this (much too unusual) preparation, that comfortable feeling of a firm footing on first principles, which alone can enable a man, (without yielding those principles to expediency), to meet the demands for modification in detail which new circumstances must daily make on every legislator. Yes! it was indeed to this fond and faithful fulfilment of duty by his dear mother that he could clearly trace the vigour both of body and of mind, with which he now felt himself blessed.

Was he proud of these advantages? Oh, no! But he felt, that if he did not use them to some good purpose, he should, at a future period, have cause to remember with the deepest self-abasement, that he had entered on his career possessed of such.

His reverie was here broken up by the

rattling past him of another carriage at the entrance of the town of ———.

Both vehicles stopped at the Wolderland arms. And Adrian was startled by hearing the voice of a gentleman in the foremost post-chaise ask if Lord Wolderland's carriage was waiting. A splendid equipage drove up at the moment, and the master of the hotel replied:

"Here it comes, sir."

"The horses will feed, I suppose, and rest?" observed the occupant of the foremost chaise.

This was answered in the affirmative. And Adrian, having thus incidentally obtained all the information he had intended to ask for, set out without entering the inn to stroll about some ruins in the immediate vicinity.

CHAPTER XLVII.

HAVING examined cloisters, scanned arches, deciphered inscriptions, &c., our explorer returned to the Inn yard, just in time, as it would seem, for Lord Wolderland's carriage was standing at the door.

A servant, on seeing him approach, began to let down the steps. But Adrian, leaping in before the ceremony was completed, found himself stumbling before a young lady whom (not expecting to find any one

in the carriage), it cost him no small effort of agility to avoid incommoding.

She wore a bonnet and veil, and was holding a handkerchief to her eyes.

He commenced some sort of apology for the hastiness of his intrusion. But before he had half finished his speech, the carriage door opened again, and a gentleman, without ascending the steps, introduced his head and shoulders, and addressed Adrian saying:

"Lord Wolderland's servants have just informed me that you are Mr. Adrian Wentworth. I am delighted to see you; I almost think I could have recognised you—you scarcely, perhaps, remember me? My name is also Wentworth.—The son of Lord Wolderland."

"I remember you perfectly," replied Adrian, "and that you were very kind at a time that I was unable to thank you."

Some shaking of hands followed.

"And you were very good," he pursued, "in afterwards remembering me, and in-

viting me to spend some time with you. I called on chance, when, subsequently, I was at Lyme Regis for a day; but you had left the place. I also went down to Greenwood on my very first college vacation, and again, prior to setting out on my travels, but was not fortunate enough to find you at home, nor could they tell me when you were expected. I wrote, however, to take leave, before quitting England. I hope you received my letter?"

Mr. Wentworth answered in the affirmative—expressed polite regrets at not having seen his young friend—spoke of a variety of circumstances having prevented his paying him the attention he could have wished, &c.; and then turning towards the still weeping occupant of the corner of the carriage, went on to say:

"It not being in my power to accompany my daughter farther at present, I am most happy in being able at parting to consign her for the remainder of the drive, to the care of so agreeable a friend and rela-

tive. Catherine! My dear! Mr. Adrian Wentworth."

Adrian turned towards the destined companion of his drive to receive the bow, or look, usual on introduction; but none such awaited him.

At the word parting, she had started from the corner of the carriage, and buried her face in the bosom of her father.

" Catherine, my love!" whispered Mr. Wentworth, " you must summon resolution —you shall soon come back—I cannot do without you long; and now you have only a few miles more to go. Mr. Wentworth—(Adrian, you recollect that we used to speak of so often)—he will see you safe into the hands of your grandpapa. You remember grandpapa, don't you?"

Instead of yielding to those sage arguments, Catherine seemed to cling the more tenaciously round her father's neck. There are moments when to part seems impossible; such was the feeling of Catherine.

You must speak to Mr. Wentworth, my

child," murmured her father, gently endeavouring to disengage himself, "he will think you so rude."

Catherine, at this remonstrance, turned her head timidly half round. Her father had thrown back her veil, when pressing her to his bosom, and Adrian beheld the same beautiful countenance he had seen that morning in the churchyard. The same beseeching eyes turned upon him, and they seemed to say:

"I do not wish to be ill-bred to you, but I cannot, cannot part from my father."

Mr. Wentworth, at the same moment, putting his daughter's hand into Adrian's in a manner that seemed to infer:

"Some one must interfere—some one must save us both from yielding to our feelings!" he uttered in a smothered tone—"God bless you!" bowed to Adrian, and, as a sort of apology, added hurriedly,

"It is our first separation—I have lost both her sisters—and she knows how much I have felt it!" he then shut the carriage

door, ordered the servants to drive on, and hastened away, without trusting himself to look back.

Catherine leaned from the window, with an eagerness so imprudent, that Adrian was obliged to retain the hand which had been committed to his charge, in a grasp that was anything but gentle; while he entreated her, for heaven's sake, to be careful, lest the door should fly open, and precipitate her into the street. But, heedless alike of the remonstrance and the attention, she followed her father with her eyes, till he was out of sight. Then shrank back into the corner of the carriage, to hide her emotion; which, notwithstanding, was visible in the tremulous movement of the veil, she had again drawn over her face.

Adrian tried to say some of the kind common-places, about the joys of meeting being purchased only by the pains of parting. About her feelings being quite natural—most amiable! &c. But she was

evidently unable to reply, or even raise her head—she only shook it slightly.

To avoid, therefore, being importunate, he betook himself to reflection.

"This then," he thought, "is Catherine Wentworth—her of whom my poor mother spoke so often. And who, as a child, too, I remember, charmed me so much, by the amiable and considerate disposition she showed.

"Yes! I have never forgotten her efforts to draw over that heavy chair; her eyes so anxiously turned on my poor, dear mother. Ah! that evening—it was *her* last—she never walked out after!"

There was a standing still, even of thought, for some moments.

"And this, too, must have been," he re-commenced, endeavouring to recall the past, "the child who knelt beside me in that moment of despair. Yet that seems like a dream! for how she came there, or how she afterwards disappeared, I have no recollection. She was so much older,

however, than the other two children, that I cannot be mistaken in her identity.

"The eldest, too, my poor mother always spoke of as Catherine—and her father, just now, called her Catherine, and talked of having lost both her sisters. Those, then, were the graves of two, out of the three little, laughing children—and this is the last remaining sister. She must have been taking leave of the spot. And this, too, her first parting with her father."

When he had concluded this review of the circumstances, he did not like his companion the less, for hitherto having taken no notice of him.

He had often heard and read descriptions of the power of beauty; of the spell-like effect produced by an expression of countenance, even at first sight; but he had always thought such descriptions exaggerated. He now found that no form of words he had ever met with could convey an adequate idea of his own present feelings of

interest in, and attraction towards a being he had scarcely seen! They surprised him! they puzzled him! While they seemed to have their origin in the one moment he had met the gentle eyes of his fair companion. That look had awakened sympathies, that seemed to be linked at once with the past and with the future! How he longed to read every thought of that pure spirit! How he longed to know every feeling of that young heart; as intimately as he knew his own. It seemed as if, when that one look had been withdrawn, that a new and delightful world, which had just dawned upon him, had been again veiled from his view, only by the long lashes of those lovely eyes.

His heart seemed already to wish, or to prophesy (he could not tell which,) that the being who sat before him, her face buried in her little white hands, her soul wrapped in thoughts of persons and of scenes, of which he knew nothing, should think in common, feel in common with himself; or, at least, that it should become necessary to his happi-

ness that she should do so! How absurd would all this have appeared to him a few hours since! But now he yielded without resistance, to the new but entire conviction, that there did exist mysterious sympathies between mind and mind, that were totally inexplicable, and that to be believed in, must have been felt.

But Adrian was unjust, in thus accusing himself of being already half in love with the mere glance of a beautiful eye. Was it not rather those holy associations, together with the new interest awakened by seeing the domestic affections thus naturally and unaffectedly revealed, which had seized upon a mind like his, and found their way direct to a heart, which had been nurtured in, and by the domestic affections.

Such thoughts, too, had always been associated with recollections of the sympathy evinced towards him at the time of his mother's death, by this amiable family of distant relatives, whose fire-side he had since often tried to picture to himself: for though

he had been unable to accept their early invitations, and circumstances had afterwards interfered with his seeing them again, he had, from that time, thought of their family circle, as of one, which more than any other, called up the idea of a sort of *home*. (A vision, towards which an orphan only can know the yearnings of the heart.)

Thus, though he was treated with the greatest kindness, in the house of his loved and respected tutor, Mr. Fairfield, while reading with him for college, and was truly grateful for that kindness, there was still the vague notion that there *ought to be a somewhere to go home to, during the intervals of study*, in title of relationship. And then he would remember the kind, paternal manner of Mr. Wentworth, and see again the clear young eyes of the eldest little girl, who had looked so anxiously towards his mother, and the somewhere of his wishes would identify itself with the home of those relatives, who thus seemed

to his fancy an indulgent father, and three loving little sisters of his own.

It is not surprising then, that the sight of the domestic affections, thus naturally betrayed by the uncontrollable emotions of a young creature, whose idea was blended with such associations, and who was so well calculated to inspire and to feel tenderness, should suggest the thought, that to love and know himself beloved by such a being, would be indeed delightful. The feelings that glowed in his breast might have been resolved into an undefined consciousness, that heaven had not intended sorrow for the parents' loss, however keenly felt, to blight, with an eternal winter, the heart of the child. But that *love* should be the spring-time of that heart! That its fallen leaves should then be renewed, and it should blossom forth again, in the brightness of the joys belonging to that new portion of existence.

Then was there not the thought that this was the cousin, respecting whom and a union with himself, his mother had so fondly

speculated? Her, of whose early education, his mother had seemed to be so well assured? Her whom, (from having heard her thus spoken of,) he had endeavoured to picture to himself, till her fancied image had become, without his being conscious of it, the habitual occupant of that void, his mother's loss had left in his heart. The *ideal*, not of his imagination only, but also of his feelings.

While Adrian reflected thus, a scene was passing at Lyme Cottage, which will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"Is there anything vastly particular in that epistle, that it seems to make you so uneasy?" asked Jean Lyoncourt, approaching his sister, who was reading with deep attention, a packet, bearing a Paris post-mark, and which had been handed to her, just as Catherine and her father had that moment driven from the door, to meet Lord Wolderland's carriage in the manner we have seen.

Mrs. Wentworth hastily re-folded her letter, as she replied:

"Oh, nothing, but my mother, as usual, murmuring at my not having a son."

"It's just as well, perhaps, after all," observed Jean, with an air of consequential mystery, accompanied by that intensely vulgar mark of intelligence—a wink!

"That's nonsense, again, Jean," rejoined his sister; "how can it be just as well? when the birth of a grandson would be sure to reconcile the old Lord, and put an end to all our harassing difficulties; above all, the constant fear of seeing dear Mr. Wentworth in gaol! What do we care, in comparison, for the hundredth cousin, who happens to be the next male heir. These are, in fact, the considerations that weigh with me—or rather, I mean, that would weigh with me, if I could have a son at pleasure. Besides, I know, it certainly does press upon Mr. Wentworth's spirits, the reflection that if anything were to happen to him, I should be destitute.

But that, heaven knows, is not what I think of, although, as my mother always says, there would be no consolation in starving, or in being trampled upon either. Yet, still, I cannot bring my mind to dwell upon anything as worth a thought, connected with the idea of losing dear Mr. Wentworth! Oh, Jean, you can form no conception of his goodness. I did not know what goodness was till I married him. And now, I declare, it sometimes frightens me, when I look back on thoughts and things that seemed no harm at all, at one time. And as to you and my poor mother, your thoughts are so different from his thoughts, that it seems like speaking in another language when you talk to me!"

"I can't exactly follow you now," replied her brother, "I am not married *yet*, you know, but I believe he is a very good sort of man; he never looks over an account, or gives one any trouble. But where's the use of a sheep being willing to be fleeced, that's got no wool on its back? If

he were once come into the property, indeed it would be different. But if the old lord were, by any chance, to survive him. Now, for instance, if the carriage to-day were to be upset, and he brought home a corpse to us! Why there would be the devil to pay!"

Mrs. Wentworth, with an involuntary impulse, gave her brother a violent blow on the shoulder, and then covered her eyes with her hands, as if she could have shut out the frightful image his words had suggested.

"What stuff, Félicité!" retorted the amiable youth, "just as if a carriage had never been upset before."

"You have no more feeling than a stick, or a stone!" exclaimed Mrs. Wentworth, vehemently.

"Miss Catherine, to be sure, promises very fair," continued Jean, "as to seeing me, and the other creditors harmless. But if she were to marry—that is to say, a stranger, to-morrow, her promises would not be worth a button!" and he snapped

his fingers, to give emphasis to the elegant, figurative expression, with which he had concluded.

"What do you mean by marrying a stranger?" asked Mrs. Wentworth, looking at her brother, who was arranging his collar and most warlike mustachoes, (in addition to the charms which his half Parisian training had induced) before a mirror, with an air of self-satisfaction, that made her break into a laugh, as she continued

"Who would you have her marry? Not yourself, it is to be hoped—"

"And why not?" demanded Jean, with offended dignity. "What makes the idea so mighty absurd, I should be glad to know? Do you suppose you are the only person in the world entitled to make your fortune by marriage?"

"A very different thing indeed," replied Mrs. Wentworth, glancing towards the glass in her turn.

"It's a distinction without a difference, I should think," retorted Jean, now strut-

ting up to the glass direct, and arranging his hair, drawing up his cravat, jerking down his waistcoat, and assuming a gratified smirk, occasioned, no doubt, by his survey of himself. "For that matter," he continued, "if I were not afraid of making you too vain, I might remind you, that we have always been considered strikingly like each other; only, of course, I have the advantage of you, in being several years younger—"

"Oh, perhaps," retorted his sister, "just that sort of family resemblance, that one often sees between people who are very handsome, and those who are not at all so. Not that you are particularly ugly," she continued, "your profile is well enough—it has, indeed, some little look of mine. It is in the front face that there is a something wanting. Your eyes are too near—much nearer than mine. Your nose is too sharp—mine is not sharp at all; and your lips are quite too thin. Mine are plump,

and give a softness and richness to the countenance—"

Here Jean, having heard a sufficient number of his own blemishes, contrasted with the perfections of his sister, interrupted her with marked impatience, saying,

"It's no matter what *you* think!" Then nodding his head on one side, added, "Miss Catherine does not think so, I can tell you!"

After looking in his face steadfastly for a minute or two, Mrs. Wentworth said:

"I don't believe a word of that, Jean, and if I did, I can tell you I would not suffer it. So this is what all your fine, disinterested conduct is for, is it? Pretending to run the risk of a gaol yourself, to save Mr. Wentworth! I really thought you sincere, and was as much obliged to you as poor Catherine is."

"What business have you to interfere?" he demanded with an insolent look and tone. "It becomes you, indeed—as if I

never saw your letters to my mother, when you were playing off your airs and graces, to get Mr. Wentworth to marry you!"

Mrs. Wentworth colored crimson, face and neck, as she replied, without, however, venturing, this time, to look her brother in the face:

"Your coarse, vulgar language, is quite out of place, Jean. Mr. Wentworth, previous to his marriage with me, was a man who had seen the world, and was of an age to choose for himself; but Catherine—poor, dear, innocent Catherine, is a young creature, who knows nothing of society; and who would, I do believe, lay down her life to save her father one moment's uneasiness, and who, therefore, might easily be led to believe gratitude for services rendered to him, a stronger claim than rank or fortune! I shall take care that she is not drawn into a snare! No, no, Mr. Wentworth could never approve of such a marriage for his daughter."

"Hey day! My Lady Wolderland, to

be! How have you got hold of these fine, new-fangled notions, I'd be glad to know?"

"By living with and loving, an honorable mind, Jean," she replied.

"I'm looking hard at you," he said, "to see if it be really you."

"I sometimes look at myself in the glass, Jean, with almost the same object," answered his sister, solemnly. "I can scarcely believe that I am indeed the person, who once thought many things, I now feel to be mean and contemptible, neither sin, nor shame. And, perhaps," and here she sighed very heavily; "I am still wandering far enough from the road I ought to go!" She paused, looked on the letter which was in her hand, shook her head slightly; then added, "I am afraid my poor mother is not a very safe guide—But God forbid," she added, "that I should judge her harshly! She always had, and still has a hard card to play. Want staring her in the face; and that man, robbing her whenever she does get a little money; and

beating her cruelly, like the masters of the poor organ boys, whenever she does not."

Here Mrs. Wentworth became silent and thoughtful, and tear after tear stole down her cheeks.

"I am sure," she recommenced, after a considerable pause; Jean having been the while employed in combing his mustaches and whiskers with a pocket-comb; and squinting over his shoulder in the glass to get a good view of his own profile, with which he was on excellent terms just then, in consequence of the compliment it had received from his sister. "I am sure," she said, "I often deny myself many things that I wish for, to spare her as much as possible—And, for that matter, I am willing to do the best I can for you too, in getting you the agency, and all services of that kind. But this, I tell you:—No power on earth shall ever make me do anything, or be privy to anything that I think can cause a moment's uneasiness to Mr. Wentworth.

So, mind what you are about, Jean, I have given you timely warning."

"Not so timely as you may imagine, perhaps."

"What do you mean?"

"That Miss Catherine *means* to marry me! So all *you* have to do, is to hold your tongue—"

"And that is precisely what I shall not do. But pray, what reason have you to think, that Catherine means to throw herself away upon you?"

"Never you mind—In fact, you will only pull an old house over all our heads by your meddling. If Mr. Wentworth were to refuse his consent; he'd have to bundle off to gaol, and that wouldn't be very agreeable—I am not going to make the sacrifices I am obliged to do, to keep the Messrs. Higgins quiet, for nothing! Why should I? And if Miss Catherine change her mind she'll have to stand an action for breach of promise of marriage; and that wouldn't be very-particularly-agreeable

neither ; nor what's more, very creditable to a young lady!" he added, with a wink. "People would think she had been nothing loath ; one time or other. So you see Mr. Wentworth would have lots of uneasiness of mind; if that's what you care about."

"Breach—of promise—of marriage!" repeated Mrs. Wentworth, in amazement. Then, after thinking for a moment, she added: "I don't believe it, Jean. The dear, innocent child, never had a thought of the sort, or I should have known it."

Jean, who had winked, first on one side, then on the other, while his sister was speaking; now screwed up his mouth, and made a long whistle, as he deliberately drew a folded parchment from his breast-pocket, laid it flat on the palm of one hand, and slapping it loudly with the open palm of the other, said:

"There it is! signed and sealed this morning."

Then, continuing to perform with his features divers evolutions, at once transcen-

dently vulgar and triumphantly knowing; he gave his sister a hasty glimpse of one of the folded sides, with Catherine's signature at the bottom, and the word marriage in two or three places above, to which places he pointed with his fore-finger; then putting the deed back into the said breast-pocket, and buttoning three buttons over it for greater security, he patted the coat on the outside coaxingly, as he said:

"You'll believe now, I suppose? Seeing's believing, they say."

Mrs. Wentworth looked utterly confounded: then, as an effort to stand her ground, said—

"When Catherine comes back I shall enquire about it. She must have been frightened, poor thing, by the idea of the bailiffs, into signing that parchment. It's the only way I can account for it! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Jean! But it sha'n't avail you; for she's under age, and it can't be binding."

"That's nothing," he rejoined. "It's

the disgrace of the thing! She'll marry me before she'll stand an action, and get shown up!"

"That shall be seen to; for I am quite sure you have no better foundation than your own ridiculous vanity, for supposing that she cares a straw for you. We'll see."

"Haven't I?" he asked scornfully. "And what pray, should she be always promising not to marry till she was of age for, if it were not to let me understand, *by the sly*, that when she was of age she'd please herself and marry me?"

"She promises not to marry till she shall be of age, because she is determined, dear noble girl, to place her father out of danger of a gaol, by paying his debts, before she gives any one a right to control either her actions or her fortune."

"Very good excuses, all that—but I'd be blind if I didn't see the sweet looks she gives me, when she's coaxing me to send the bailiffs away. And Lord!—for thanks, if it wasn't a pleasure to her to be

thanking me, she wouldn't go on as she does. Do you think I'm a fool not to see when a girl's in love with me? And a girl that's very enticing too, there's no denying; both in her beauty and the ways that she has with her. It's so pretty to see her running up to me when I come in (it quite throws me all of a flurry, sometimes) and saying—'Oh, Jean, I am so glad to see you! What would become of us without you!'"

"That's when the bailiffs are below," said Mrs. Wentworth.

"And yet—I'm afraid of her too," continued Jean, pursuing his tender recollections. "It's a perfect tantalization. I never durst to take the chair that's nearest to her, if it was ever so. And when we've got accounts to settle, it's the opposite side of the table I sit at, and hand across the slips of paper, and the deeds, as if it was the Lord Chancellor."

"Oh, you're come to your senses, are you?" exclaimed his sister.

"The window behind me," continued Jean, without heeding the interruption, "shoots in just upon those ringlets of hers —and to see the look of the sweet face of her, for all the world like a child learning its lesson, trying to make head or tail of those parchments that are drawn up purposely to puzzle older heads than hers."

"I don't mean to say," rejoined Mrs. Wentworth, "that she's not grateful to you; for she's an innocent child, and believes your palavering about riding through all weathers, and almost ruining yourself to save her father from a gaol. I am obliged to you too, no doubt, for keeping Mr. Wentworth's mind easy. But I dare say, that you often make more fuss than is necessary, just to give yourself importance, and make people grateful to you!"

"I tell you, Félicité, there's no use in talking! It's not grateful, only, that Miss Catherine is—She's up to the eyes in love with me! for all it don't give me the courage

it should, perhaps. But no matter; she means to marry me as soon as she's of age, that's enough! So you'd better let well alone."

"I don't believe it, I tell you;" persisted his sister. "Only wait till she has a few *grandes* lovers at the Wolderlands. Men of fortune, and with the manners of the world; and you'll have to change your tone."

"In that case," he rejoined, with sudden fury, clenching his hand before his sister's face, while his eyes flashed fire; "her father shall go to gaol, as sure as he's a living man; and not come out of it, till he's a *dead* one! And the young lady herself shall figure in the newspapers, with every insulting and spiteful insinuation that vengeance can invent. And, true or false, there will be enough believed to spoil her market!"

"Why—Jean! I had no notion you were such a monster of wickedness!" exclaimed Mrs. Wentworth. "What nonsense you

do go on with! A girl of her fortune and prospects, and rank; to say nothing of her youth and beauty. Oh, this money! this money! I used to think it was only poor people who wanted money—I little imagined that great people, lords, and lords' sons, wanted it just as much—only they want a great deal more of it!—Poor dear Catherine! —No!—no! She must not be sold; let what will be the consequence!"

"Of course not!" retorted Jean, tauntingly. "Better let Mr. Wentworth die in gaol! Yes! and on a bed of straw too! For if you once make an enemy of me, you shan't have the price of a mattress to give him. I'll take care of that. I can stop every resource—Put a distringas on the five-hundred a-year—In short, lay an embargo on every shilling. And it shall be done too. I'd see you all die of sheer starvation before I'd help you; if I'm to be thrown overboard. I've nothing to do, but to put Snooks up to it; and he'll petition the Chancellor, and have you all in a nice

mess. And nothing he'd like better, I can tell you—for he'd get his own pickings out of it."

"You are a precious set!" she replied, "you lawyers."

"And why shouldn't we be?" he retorted. "Isn't it our living? And I have learnt my business, though I'm not an old man—I could ruin you all, as soon as look at you; if it suited my purpose."

"What!" she asked, "if we had the right of the quarrel?"

With the air of one proud of his superior skill, he replied:

"We have nothing to do, if we see a case in danger of coming to a premature conclusion, but to have a meeting of the lawyers on both sides, and overhaul all papers, till we find one we can pick a hole in them—"

"But what do you call a premature conclusion?" she asked. "I thought every law-suit was only too long!"

"Why, what a fool you must be, Félicité,

to ask such a question! The conclusion must always be premature while there is anything to be got out of the property; to be sure! You don't suppose we throw any of you the bone till we have picked it, do you?—That's the great mistake that clients make. They fancy it a fine thing to have a good cause—Now what difference can that make?—What can it signify to the parties which of them has the empty honour of gaining the suit after the lawyers have partitioned the property among themselves? I had my wits about me before I bought my *wide-awake;* I can tell you! So, as I said before, you had better not make an enemy of me! That's all."

CHAPTER XLIX.

We left the cousins seated in Lord Wolderland's carriage each wrapped in their several meditations.

Catherine had at length succeeded, to a certain degree, in quieting the excessive agitation of her spirits, by hoping that what she had that morning arranged with Jean Lyoncourt, previous to leaving home, would prevent her dear papa being annoyed during her absence. And, by trying to remember her grandpapa, and to anticipate

the sort of reception she was likely to meet with; and, lastly, by endeavouring to fortify her great resolve of braving the terror with which his violence of temper had always inspired her, and taking courage, when she could get an opportunity, to beg of him on her knees to forgive her poor father; and give him some money to keep him out of prison. Judging by the gentleness of her own heart; she felt almost sure, that grand-papa must yield to the account she had to give of her dear papa's danger. And this hope, before all things, was her motive for consenting to leave home.

Adrian observed that the tremulous movements of the veil had ceased, and thought he might now venture to address his companion. But there was still a formidable difficulty. What should he say? After reviewing and rejecting various topics, he found himself reduced to the necessity of asking his fair charge, whether both windows open were not too much for her.

His voice resembled, in a slight degree, her father's. As its tones fell on her ear, after the long silence which had reigned, her heart leaped. She coloured, smiled, and replied that she found the air refreshing. On which he ventured to recommend raising her veil, that she might enjoy the double advantages of air and prospect; remarking, with playful gallantry—as an apology for offering advice—on her having been placed under his guardianship.

Poor Catherine had not drawn her veil over her face from any feeling of coquetry. She had so many things on her mind, that she had no time to consider whether any one would think her worth looking at or not. She merely wanted to hide the child-like abundance of her tears. She now, therefore, flung the veil over the further side of her bonnet, and looked from the window pointed out by Adrian.

The falling folds of the white lace, formed a ground-work well suited to re-

ceive on its soft surface, the faultless outline of her profile; and, it must be confessed, that her companion had the inconsistency to withdraw his eyes from the prospect he had himself recommended, and rest them somewhat nearer. Till Catherine, turning round to make some comment, met his gaze of intense admiration, and instead of speaking, blushed.

A Claude-like tint on the landscape, furnishing an opening comment, he entered upon the general field of the beauties of nature, the efforts of art, and the triumphs of the beau ideal, showing that, though styled ideal, those conceptions are proofs of the reality of our higher sentiments; soarings of mind above matter; struggles of the elevating principle, urging man forward towards excellence of every nature and degree, which he knows how to appreciate. For it is the desire to rise which is instinctive—*what* to rise to, which must be learnt.

He was charmed to find that Catherine,

although she had lost her mother while still a child, had evidently preserved that enthusiastic love of the beautiful, which, as the moral world opens before the opening mind, leads, by such delightful steps, to the love of the beautifully good; ennobling the whole being, and lifting it equally above the gross and the little.

In all this he recognized, with indescribable satisfaction, that congeniality of sentiment, between his dear mother and her early friend, on which that revered parent had so much loved to dwell.

Yes, he thought, at each interval of the conversation, admiration of the great and good, once kindled in the breast of the child, the purifying influence goes on. This is the sacred fire! the virtuous heart, the altar on which it must never be allowed to expire! From the retired life which Catherine had hitherto led, her father was the only man of finished manners with whom she had yet associated. This circumstance made those of Adrian

another point of resemblance to her father. There was also some family likeness of feature, and a great similarity in the indulgent expression of the smile, which, every time she ventured to look up, gave her a momentary feeling of old acquaintance, though checked, by awe of a stranger and natural timidity, towards a handsome young man, whose eyes were always in the way, when she just wanted to see if he were really so very like her father or not.

"That is quite papa's opinion," she said, "but you are so like papa in everything. Oh, if you did but know him! he is so good, so kind, so perfect! You would be obliged to love him."

And she forgot, in the truth and ardour of her filial adoration, that she was paying her companion also an implied compliment. Yet he did not return it just then. Although, as we have seen, he had thought that Catherine, in many refining tastes and feelings, had been taught by her

mother to resemble his mother. But the subject was too sacred a one to be lightly approached! a likeness of any kind or degree, to the object of his whole life's veneration, was too serious a homage to be laid hastily at the feet of the acquaintance of an hour; however fascinating she might be; however amiable she might seem.

"No one, Miss Wentworth," he replied, "can enter more fully than I do into the feelings you express with so much fervour, towards a fond parent—"

He rather hesitated, doubting his own firmness to proceed. After a slight pause, however, he subjoined:

"Perhaps, when we have known each other longer, I may, if permitted, seek a melancholy satisfaction in speaking to you of one, who has now been many years a saint in heaven: but who, though ever present to my mind, I seldom mention. Few could understand the intensity of worship which I feel for her memory! And

one shrinks," he added, with a faint smile, "from begging sympathy of the unfeeling, as one would from asking alms of the uncharitable!"

Catherine felt awed and affected, and therefore remained silent.

He re-commenced:

"There have also been some very curious coincidences, which would seem to encourage me in becoming a beggar for the sympathy of Miss Wentworth. Can you remember, when you were quite a child, kneeling at the side of her couch with me for a moment, on that most solemn occasion of my whole life? But I suppose not: you were too young at the time, for the circumstance to make any impression."

"I do remember it quite well," she replied; "for I was so much frightened, and cried about it so much when I got home, that papa often spoke of it afterwards."

"And to you, no doubt," he pursued,

looking enquiringly in her face, "I owe the fresh flowers I saw laid this morning on her tomb-stone—Is it not so?"

She coloured, and hesitated slightly.

"I had gathered some this morning," she replied, "to lay on the graves of my poor little sisters, because I was going away; and I have always been in the habit of sharing such offerings with the grave near; because I knew it to be that of poor mama's dearest friend."

He caught her hand, and with sparkling eyes, exclaimed:

"And you have done this during the years that I have been absent abroad? You have been the guardian angel of that beloved shrine? God bless you!" And he pressed her hand between both of his, and raised it to his lips with fervent gratitude. "I owe you some apology too," he added, "for my intrusion this morning, which was, I assure you, quite accidental. But the voice, which surprised me so much, seemed actually to rise from the grave of

my poor mother. If I had not, on being again startled by hearing a sigh, moved forward, and seen you on the other side of the head-stone, (which your kneeling posture I suppose, had previously prevented my doing), I should have almost given way to a feeling of superstitious awe. It seemed so incomprehensible, that in a position whence I could command the horizon all around me! an invisible speaker should give audible utterance to the very thoughts that were passing in my own mind!"

"I was only trying to remember," she replied, with great simplicity, "whether I had always been able to attend to every childish request of my poor little sisters. It would have broken my heart just at that moment," she added, her eyes glistening, "to have thought, that I had ever refused them anything. And yet, as I did not know that they were to be taken away so soon; I might have been, sometimes, too much hurried, or in some way prevented from attending to every little wish. But

I was not aware that I had spoken aloud till your coming suddenly round the tomb-stone, looking so much surprised, reminded me that I must have done so."

As she concluded they were just arriving at the Wolderlands. It was getting dark. The portico was one blaze of lights. A carriage drove from the door to make room for their approach. Another was heard grinding its way through the gravel as it followed theirs.

The heart of poor Catherine throbbed!

CHAPTER L.

STANDING in the said blaze of lights. Servants in all sorts of liveries crowded the steps, while those of tke house lined the entrance hall.

Catherine, accustomed to the perfect retirement of her quiet home, trembled as Adrian handed her from the carriage. She was greatly relieved, however, on being informed, by a servant out of livery in the second hall, that Lord Wolderland was

dressing for dinner, and had left directions that she should, on her arrival, be shown to her own apartment.

On reaching it, she found it lighted up and furnished with a degree of luxury that was oppressive to the spirits: at least to those of our timid and simple-minded heroine. It was also already occupied by a young and pretty-looking lady's-maid, of whose smart cap Catherine felt quite afraid.

"I shall be ashamed," she thought, "to show my dresses to this person who, of course, knows all the fashions, and must be used to such fine things, that she will, no doubt, despise them all! And she will think I have too much hair, I suppose."

The abigail, however, thought no such thing, and having disembarrassed her fair charge of her bonnet and travelling dress; set about, forthwith, arranging this natural ornament according to the style of the time; that is, quite off the forehead, but falling in long, luxuriant ringlets, reaching to the shoulders on either side of the face;

with large plaits ending in ringlets, rolled up very low at the back of the head. She also took care, by the manner of putting on, to give to the simple white muslin dress and long sash—then worn by young girls—a fashionable air. And thanks to the attention of Mrs. Wentworth, the dress for the first day was quite new, and had been carefully placed in a separate little band-box to avoid the uncouth, uncared-for appearance of a costume starched in the washing, and crushed in the packing. The practised eye of the abigail observed with satisfaction, that the dress looked as fresh as the wearer. She next handed Catherine a splendid bouquet of choice exotics, which she had considered it a part of her important duties to order in from the green-house. Then walking all round her, to survey the completed arrangement, she dropped her a courtesy, and informed her, that she was dressed. Adding that the first bell having rang, almost twenty minutes ago, it was time to descend. Encouraged, however,

by Catherine's evident timidity, she ventured to subjoin:

"If you will excuse my taking the liberty of speaking Miss; but *you* need not be slow to go into any room. If there were hundreds there, there would not be one like you!"

Receiving no check she pursued, "I never dressed such a head of hair in my life! It's quite a pleasure!" Then tempted to give her handy work another finishing touch, she brought forward a few glossy ringlets, that a portion might fall carelessly in front of the white throat, and the rest behind it, to show off its softness, and its snowy lustre.

"And such a lovely neck, you have miss," she went on, "and such a complexion, and such lips, and such teeth, and such eyes. If ever anybody has the heart to mean you harm miss, only look up at them, with those eyes!"

Catherine had just looked up at her more surprised, than displeased, at receiv-

ing such a shower of unexpected compliments. The fashionable cap looked less formidable.

The outbreak was also a great relief to the poor waiting maid, whom the beauty and unassuming air of Catherine, had taken quite by surprise, after attending the toilets of haughty, elderly ladies, for years.

"In my last place," she continued, rearranging the ends of the sash, as a pretext for delay, "I used to do my Lady Harriet Nightingale's hair, six times over, sometimes, and make no hand of it after all! It was the stiffest, obstinatest hair in the world."

Opening the door with a very obliging manner, as she concluded, she told her young lady that on descending one flight, she would see servants in waiting who would show her the way.

Catherine was dismayed. Am I not to see grandpapa first, she thought, to take me in with him where the company are.

Her new ally accompanied her, as far as

the first gallery. Here footmen, placed at intervals, pointed to a door, which, at Catherine's approach, was opened by a servant out of livery, who stood with the solemnity of a priest at the altar, with its handle in his hand.

The blaze of lights, and confused hum of voices, which now assailed the eyes, and ears of our novice, did not tend to reassure her. She hesitated—nay a thought of flight, back to her own apartment, crossed her imagination.

Adrian, however, as if he had foreseen the dilemma of his travelling companion, had placed himself at the very opening of the door. He was at her side, in an instant! He drew her hand, gently, over his arm; and held it there, with a firmness which was almost a friendly pressure, as he whispered her, with a kind, confidential smile, that he would lead her, to her grandfather.

Her thankful feelings may be imagined! How completely an old acquaintance, nay an old friend, did this kind protector, who

seemed thus cognizant of her weakness, yet so indulgent towards it, now appear, among all the strangers they had to pass; for Lord Wolderland was at the upper end of the room, seated on a sofa, with Lady Montville.

His lordship received his grand-daughter, with the hundredth part of a cold smile, and slightly touching the fingers of her proffered hand, presented her to Lady Montville.

Her ladyship shook hands with our heroine very cordially; expressed surprise at her being quite a young woman; talked of its being but yesterday, that she was absolutely a child; and then, turning to Lord Wolderland, asked, in a but slightly lowered tone, if the other two girls were not dead?

Adrian had remained near. He procured Catherine a seat, engaged her in conversation, and dinner being soon after announced led her to the dining-room

As for Catherine, all things seemed to be whirling round, but she tried to wear a

forced composure. Adrian was pleased to observe, that while every eye was directed towards her, she preserved the same unaffected simplicity of demeanour, which he had thought so charming, during their drive.

It was not at all surprising that beauty so remarkable as Catherine's, seen under fifty thousand favourable circumstances, for certain; together with a fair chance of the unentailed estates, should be duly appreciated. Accordingly, in the evening, Adrian found that he should no longer be permitted to monopolize Miss Wentworth.

The greater part of the gentlemen seemed as well disposed as himself to join the group, of which their host's granddaughter and heiress, now no longer a stranger, formed the centre.

On coming up to the drawing-room, Lady Montville had made it her business to introduce Catherine to all the ladies, and all the ladies to her; and, finally, informed her, that the duties of hostess must now devolve on herself.

"I am an old friend of your grandfather's," added her ladyship, "and have, therefore, undertaken to initiate you."

Lady Montville was a woman of about fifty years of age. She had been handsome, but was now somewhat fierce-looking, having marked features, and very large, and very black eyes, which, in consequence of her rouging highly, flashed like lightning.

Her daughter, Lady Emily Rosley, was delicate, and interesting, with languishing blue eyes, and a quantity of fair hair, which she wore flowing down on her shoulders. She had been extremely pretty, a few months since; and would be so still, but that at present she was looking pale and joyless; yet, one might hope that the blossom was not past revival, for though already half-faded, it was scarcely half-blown!

A young man with good features, a quick, fiery eye, and a light, active person, passed her chair, saying merely, "I beg your pardon." At which she blushed deeply, looking beautiful while the glow lasted; but it

was gone in a moment, and a tear glistened through her eye lashes, although she cast them down to endeavour to conceal it. He addressed himself to Catherine with an unnatural degree of vivacity.

Lady Montville's son, Lord Rosley, now become, despite an unprepossessing air of haughty insolence, a showily handsome man, of about nine and twenty, had made Lady Harriet Nightingale, to whom, by his mother's arrangement, he was engaged, his pretext for approaching the group. He was speaking to her ladyship and looking at Catherine. While Lady Harriet, in whom six years had made very little change, was still employed in the perpetual endeavour to hide her projecting teeth, with the uninteresting lips already described, and had not yet attained her object. The watch of both eyes, upon the citadel of the vital spark, had, however, been more successful; for the nose was still in its place, and still as vigilantly watched as ever! While the stuffing of the old arm-chair,

still filled the hollow of either cheek, instead of the glossy ringlets which obliging hairdressers could have supplied; because her ladyship was of opinion, that hair, the roots of which might be seen growing actually out of her own head, without concealment from head-dress, or half head-dress was calculated to give her a juvenile appearance.

Catherine's beauty needed no foil; yet, as Lord Rosley, alternately impelled by his inclination, and the imperious necessity of laying his hand on ready cash, looked from the one attraction to the other—he thought, having that morning visited an amateur collection of the fossil remains of crocodiles, and monsters of every description—"If I were a natural philosopher in the moon, and these two creatures were caught alive, and sent up to me as specimens of the female of the same species, I should certainly be apt to suspect my earthly correspondent, of having made some mistake in his labelling. Points of

difference I can see in abundance, but of resemblance none.

Lady Montville rose from the sofa, and bustling across the room, informed Catherine that Lord Wolderland, whose mandates were irresistible, requested her to play the harp. Seeing dismay in her face, she added:

"Well, Emily shall make a commencement on the piano-forte: but after this evening, you must expect no more indulgence. And you will have something to do," she subjoined, slightly lowering her voice. "For your grand-father intends to take the county by storm!"

"What does Lady Montville mean?" whispered Catherine to Adrian, who was close by, and to whom the latter part of the speech, had been as much addressed, as to herself.

"Something about the election, I suppose," he replied, then added, in an under tone, "I should think her Ladyship would infer, that I am to owe to the charms

and affability of my fair cousin, the suffrages of all parties.

Catherine was not much enlightened; but the considerate manner and indulgent smile, so like her father's, would have comforted her under the prospect of being led out to immediate execution. Indeed, she considered having to play the harp for all these strangers, as quite as bad.

Adrian had seen her look of dismay; had watched the vibrations of the blossoms of her bouquet, increasing in intensity, as Lady Emily's performance was drawing towards its close. He murmured aside, all the encouragement he could; assuring her, as he led her to the instrument, that people never listened to music, and promising to talk all the time. While, withdrawing her arm, she whispered him, with an imploring look, to stay near her. A request which, though its simplicity made him smile, he did not find it difficult to comply with: for, certainly nothing could be more charming than Catherine's whole

appearance, seated at the graceful harp, beneath a shower of light.

The perfect proportions of her form; the faultless outline of her profile; the glowing cheek, and soft white throat, half veiled by the crowding forward of her luxuriant tresses, as she bent to the instrument; the little nimble fingers, sprinkling harmony from their tapering points, and sparkling as they rapidly passed along the trembling chords; the white and beautifully rounded arms, waving like those of Ossian's Bragela, as they rose and fell with the cadences of the music. Even the Lilliputian foot, dressed in its white satin slipper, peeped out from time to time; and popping up in full view on the pedal, looked as saucy and as pretty, as a canary bird on its perch.

Fortunately for Catherine, she was in such alarm about being heard, that she forgot to think about being seen; and went on, solely occupied with the one hope of getting to the end. Thus, while her

auditors exclaimed, at due intervals: "Beautiful passage!" "Beautiful passage!" she could find no beauty in any passage but the last; at the close of which, her countenance lighted up with child-like joy, while she took once more the watchful Adrian's arm. He literally trembled with delight as she did so, her very manner showed such entire confidence: the movement was that of clinging, as we do in moments of extreme danger, to a protector; while her eyes met his, with such innocent, undisguised gratitude, for having come to her rescue, that, had she been a child, she might have looked up in the same manner, only it might not have been quite so dangerous to him.

Quadrilles were now formed, and Adrian took care to be her partner for the first set: it must even be confessed, that he did not half like the necessity of resigning her hand to the new claimants who followed.

Where was his good sense—his liberality —his philosophy? These qualities had

abounded in theory—now they were required for practice, they seemed to have vanished.

He who had resisted the sparkling eyes, and intelligent smiles of so many foreign beauties, that he had began to fear he should never fall in love; that having known a great sorrow, at so early an age, his heart had become old prematurely. That thus, for him, the first few beautiful chapters of existence had been turned over unread! That he should never know those delicious feelings, with which, in poetry, and works of fiction, he had so often sympathised; but which, hitherto, when he would apply them to real life, and dress any living beauty in his own bright imaginings, had suddenly seemed to become themselves unreal.

At present, however, he found no time to unravel such grave difficulties. He was too busy manœuvring to recover the hand of his fair cousin.

He succeeded in doing so, for the supper

dance; and thus secured the dangerous privilege of sitting by her during those social moments, which unite so delightfully, pleasurable excitement, with delicious leisure, and superadd, to all the artificial enjoyments which art can devise, the simple, and natural one, of rest after fatigue. These moments he had the imprudence to employ in admiring the heightened colour the dancing had given to his partner; the liquid lustre of her eyes when she looked up—the length and beauty of the eye-lashes when she looked down; and the intense red of the lips, and the pearly white of the teeth, which rendered every natural movement of the beautiful mouth each time it spoke or smiled, but a new form of attractiveness: awaking hosts of lurking dimples, and tempting Cupid to the mischievous pastime of seizing on those occasions, when the said long lashes were cast down, to turn the innocent eyes they shaded into masked batteries; whence to take deliberate aim, and if the lids rose but for a second, or

even trembled, and let a few sparkles fly—make such showers of arrows take effect, that before Adrian quitted the supper-table, he was not only out of all danger of never falling in love; but his heart had become such a mere riddle that it was quite unfit to serve as a target on any future occasion: So that the sly little archer flung it down at Catherine's feet as useless to anybody else.

She, however, was so happy in the belief that she had made a friend, that she did not perceive that she had made a conquest. Indeed, she had even some idea, that Mr. Wentworth had generously sacrificed his own gratification in devoting so much time to her instead of talking to persons, whose conversation must be so much more entertaining.

But in thinking so she was only grateful, not jealous.

CHAPTER LI.

When Catherine reached her own room, and had kindly dismissed her admiring Abigail, of whom her awe had now quite vanished, instead of being inclined to sleep, after the unusual fatigues of the last eighteen or twenty hours, she felt like one just beginning to wake from a long and busy dream.

Was it possible, she thought, could it be only this morning, that she had risen

with the dawn, from her own little white curtained bed at home? Had all she had seen and felt since been crowded into one single day? And why did she not still feel as utterly wretched as she had done, at the moment of parting from her dear papa? Why had she not all the evening found herself as much alone as she expected to do, among so many strangers?

The next thought that presented itself was, how much obliged her dear papa would be to Mr. Wentworth, when she should write him word how kind he had been to her.

She knelt, as usual, to offer up her evening prayer; but this brought the thought, that, at its conclusion, she could not, as usual, ask her father's blessing, and bid him an affectionate good night; and a burst of sorrow followed.

"I have been wondering," she thought, "how I kept up. But it was because I have not, till now, had time to be miserable. And with this solution of what had puzzled her

very often during the evening, she laid her soft cheek on her pillow, and wept herself to sleep.

As for Adrian, the pleasurable excitement of his feelings, had banished every chance of repose. All this was blissful confusion. Visions of his lovely cousin, multiplied by all the circumstances in which he had yet seen her, crowded his imagination.

At one moment he saw her as he had seen her that morning, at the graves of her sisters; and those eyes met his, which since he had first beheld them, had from the associations of that period, been familiar visitants of his waking dreams, till on beholding them again, their glance seemed, in some mysterious manner, to link the present with the past—and with the future also—else why should that glance have awakened such strange prophetic yearnings in his bosom?

Then the beautiful profile, which had travelled with him, appeared so distinctly, that he thought he could have made a sketch

of it, had not the eyes again turned round upon him. Then arose the timid apparition at the drawing-room door, made as dangerous as abigale could make it, by book-muslin and bouquet, hesitating to cross the threshold; and the eyes, again looking up with an expression of gentle thankfulness for his timely assistance, which he recalled so vividly, that he felt again the thrill of pleasure it had first occasioned him!

Then the finished picture at the harp, and again the eyes, as she had looked round confidentially to take his arm. Then he beheld her moving through the mazes of the dance, and was bewildered, as fancy pursued the impalpable vision which, like thistle down floating on the breeze, was passing away. Again he saw her, as she had sat beside him at the supper-table, listening with such pleased attention, to his endeavours to amuse her. And now those treacherous eyes, with their masked battery of long lashes, entered into a downright conspiracy with smiling lips and pearly

teeth, and blushing cheeks and clustering ringlets, till they left no chance of escape.

In his sober senses, no doubt, he would have perfectly well understood, that he owed much of the willingness, nay the evident, and undisguised pleasure, with which she received his brotherly protection; to the little fortuitous circumstances, which had placed him in the position, of her only acquaintance; what a young creature would naturally consider her only friend, on an occasion so trying as, that of leaving home for the first time, and appearing among strangers, unsupported by the usual family circle. Indeed, he made a point of telling himself all this. But he was, nevertheless, he conceived, entitled to be, at least, rejoicing that it had so happened: and he was so much so, whether hope entered into the feeling or not, that, for a considerable time, he was wholly incapable of anything like a connected reflection. At length, the dizzy whirl which had been going round, and round, moved more slowly. The

successive visions, gave place to each other, at longer intervals; till, finally, like the stopping of a machine, his mind seemed to stand still, at the presentation of Catherine to Lady Montville. At length Adrian became capable of reflecting upon the cold, selfish, imperious nature, without the slightest consideration for the feelings of others, which evidently characterised Lord Wolderland. He thought of Lady Montville, who appeared to be his lordship's first counsellor. She was, he could perceive, a woman of the world, in the least favourable sense of that expression: therefore, not a person, in his opinion, to be chosen as the guide of a young mind. From this he deduced, that his friendship, and advice, were likely to be, for some time to come, very necessary to his inexperienced cousin. And here, to do him justice, he resolved, without referrence to the delight it would be to himself, if possible to gain her confidence; and, should he succeed, to act the part of an honest, disinterested brother, towards her;

setting apart his own hopes, and wishes, unless they should be found to coincide with her real happiness.

From the early age at which Catherine had lost her mother, he reflected, that the prudence which, while we hold fast our own truth, preserves us from becoming a prey to the world's falseness, was the very quality, in which she was most likely to be wanting. She was free, he was quite sure, from every unkind, unjust, or, in other words, selfish thought. If she had faults, they could be but amiable impulses, unwisely directed.

To guide, to shelter that gentle being, in all her innocence, in all her freshness, from any, and every contact with evil—surely! the companionship of angels, promised not greater felicity! And was there, then, actually, a sober probability, that this delightful task, was destined to be his? Every circumstance seemed to favour the flattering, the blissful thought! His return to England, just then; their opportune

meeting, on the very threshold of her entrance into life; his, and her mother's wishes on the subject.

And here he gave way to most satisfactory reveries, on the strong probability there was, of such views meeting with the entire approbation, both of Catherine's father, and grand-father. But Catherine herself—now that he was more composed—had he still the presumption to augur favourably, from the innocent pleasure with which she received his brotherly protection?

If her grandpapa had been a kind mannered old gentleman, might she not have been as well pleased with his protection?

This impertinent question, caused a disagreeable feeling, which obliged him to go over, once more, his whole catalogue of looks and smiles. The review, however, seemed to be satisfactory, for at its conclusion, the possibility of certain grave and important events, again presented itself. And here, to do him jus-

tice, after trying to laugh at himself for the premature nature of his anticipations, he became very serious; and finished by forming resolves, touching domestic duties, should such ever devolve on him, that his sainted mother herself must have approved of, had she been permitted at the moment to look down upon her son, and read his inmost thoughts.

THE END OF VOL I